WHAT WE HAVE SAID WE HAVE SAID

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 122. WEEK ENDING MARCH 4TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

PRIGS.

AN ATTEMPT TO DESCRIBE THEM.

In this happy world of ours there are many delightful people with whom one comes in daily contact, but there are others. Sometimes we think of them as "outsiders," and sometimes we class them with the attribute "objectionable." To the class most assuredly belongs the prig.

It is interesting to analyse him and to discuss him because unless you understand him he is rather upsetting when you come into contact with him, but if you understand him he ceases to annoy you and becomes merely a subject for study.

No dictionary that I have yet seen gives a sufficiently full definition of the word "prig." The prig, in most dictionaries, is defined as a conceited person, but he is much more than that. If this dominant characteristic were merely conceit he would be nothing more than a subject for laughter and ridicule. He upsets other men, not because of his conceit—although that is certainly a part of his character—but because of his overbearing self-righteousness.

He is all the time "it." He is "the whole thing." Exactly what he does and think is what everybody else ought to do and think. Sometimes he is a politician, sometimes he is a scholar, sometimes he is an alleged sportsman.

In politics he believes that there is no other possible than the one which he holds, and those differing from him in opinion are necessarily absolute fools, and probably also scoundrels.

Where his particular sphere is scholarship, he assumes the air of the most patronising superiority when he comes into contact with a man to whom learning form but a part of life and not the whole of it.

When, on the other hand, he has sporting proclivities, he despises other men who do not excel in athletics.

There are prigs of all kinds. Usually a prig is of a particular type, such as those mentioned, but sometimes his character is more composite, and he is a veritable paragon of all-round prig. Then he is suffering from the malady of priggishness in the worst form.

Everything he does is, in his opinion, exactly as it ought to be done, and, his opinion being strong, it carries some weight, even although it is not always absolutely expressed.

The men with whom he comes into contact feel that he puts them in the wrong, and they also feel that he knows that he is doing it, and that he is taking a delight in the fact. But they never, or hardly ever, get a chance, feel that they would care to be like him.

The prig is an uncomfortable person, and the best thing to do with him is to leave him alone. Unfortunately there are many of him, and when you meet a specimen of this type it may perhaps help you to consider these observations, and to compare them with your own experience of prigs.

T. F. BOLTON.

CHEEK.

Two people have been injured in a bobsleigh accident. Well, if people will go in for cheapness they must pay the price. A half-crown sleigh would be much safer.

* * *

A woman has started for a tour round the world with a guitar. She hopes to make money by it. P(l)aying her way, in short.

* * *

Captain Canine, a French officer, has been flying at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour. A regular dog of an aviator!

* * *

A big Euphrates dam is causing some excitement. Mrs. Grundy-Malaprop is glad it is so far away that we can't hear it in England.

* * *

Only after a run of three hours did a Surrey stag go to the railway station booking-office the other day. These slow trains aren't much use when you've really in a hurry, though.

* * *

A Birmingham man, for using bad language to a telephone girl, has been fined 20s. At any rate she heard him, which is something in these days.

* * *

"Loans and business," as a newspaper title, must strike some as tautological. So many people think we are open from nine till five just to lend callers half-a-crown apiece.

* * *

Epoch-marking discoveries. — Sir Charles Warren, while enjoying life at seventy-one, says, "I am quite content, and I have no grievance." When shall we look upon his like again?

* * *

"Will Canada elope with Uncle Sam?" asks the "Evening Times." We sincerely hope not. A certain Table of Kindred and Affinity says "a woman may not marry with her father's brother."

* * *

Straight to the Point.—A newspaper heading announces: "Minister Shot in the Street." Not half so painful as being hit in the small of the back.

* * *

Among other things presented to a beloved clergyman at Scarborough was some "money to light the church." Wonderful stuff, money.

* * *

Hope (diamond) springs eternal. It has been sold again. We hope the same does not apply to the purchaser.

* * *

A young man asked a magistrate to help him recover possession of goods he had given to his young woman. Why not marry the girl, and have *all* the goods?

"TOUCHANGO."

SWEET PEAS.

Of all the flowers in the garden, there is probably none which is favoured so much as the sweet pea, both for its perfume and for its beauty.

During the past two years many new varieties have been introduced with petals of peculiar shape and of specially brilliant colour, but these fancy varieties seldom possess such a sweet smell as do the old-fashioned ones.

Readers keen on gardening will, therefore, be well advised when selecting their sweet pea seeds to include amongst them some of the very common sort.

Although the fancy varieties may be very pretty to look at, the common ones smell the better, and the perfume here is so delicate and delicious that it is worth having, even though the colour and form be less perfect.

ROUGH DANCING.

The dull, and more or less stately, dances of the eighteenth century are things of the past, and in their place we have dances of another kind.

It is regrettable that the present-day method of executing certain dances lacks not only dignity, but even, in many cases, common courtesy.

The dancing of the lancers, for example, has now become almost an athletic feat, and certainly a very dangerous one as far as the ladies are concerned, especially when they wear the tight dresses which are at present fashionable.

It is not uncommon for a lady to get badly kicked, quite accidentally of course, and several serious accidents have occurred through ladies being swung off their feet by over-enthusiastic partners and dropped to the floor.

Dancing is one of those amusements where men and women meet on absolutely equal terms, and the equality of the sexes in this matter should be safeguarded by care on the part of the men not to use their strength too much, and to remember that, although the ladies enjoy the fun of the dance every bit as much as the men may do, they have not the same stamina to rely upon.

THE EARNINGS OF JOCKEYS.

Tom Loates, the jockey, who died some time ago, left a fortune of £74,342, which is the largest amount ever left by a professional jockey.

It exceeds by over £8,000 the amount left by the famous Fred Archer.

To the man with the requisite skill and courage, the "sport of kings" still offers substantial remuneration, but it is only the few that ever succeed in making big incomes by riding horses in races.

A man must have every possible qualification before he can hope to make even a bare living as a jockey, and even then there always remains the very important item of being blessed with good luck.

"MRS. BULL'S" LITTLE WAYS.

AN OPEN LETTER BY H. GRAY-REID.

"MRS. BULL,"

Madam,—Permit me to introduce myself to you, not as an enthusiastic reader of your paper, but as one interested in all journalistic productions.

Permit me to take this opportunity of congratulating you on the excellent manner in which you support the principles of "John Bull," to which paper, according to a notice on your cover, you are "a companion journal." You refer to yourself occasionally as "Mary," and as the wife of "John Bull." It is a happy thing for a simple investigator like myself to discover such a perfect example of conjugal understanding.

You are following the lines of "John Bull" very closely, and, as I suppose you would express it, "John must be very pleased."

I remember buying your first number, and I did not like it. I meant to give it to a lady relative of mine, but I thought better of my intention, for I should not have liked her to think that the type of British womanhood depicted in your journal was one that coincided with my own ideal of what a woman ought to be.

"EXPOSURES."

I did not again purchase your journal until I bought the copy which is now in my hands, but I have observed the posters which you issue, and have watched how closely they are modelled upon the lines of the posters of "John Bull." Like your companion paper, you appear to be extremely keen on so-called "exposures." I have yet to learn that the women of this country care a penny-piece for such things.

In the number which is now in my hands, you print a long article entitled "Children at Charing Cross Hospital," in which the writer, whom you describe as a "correspondent," makes several unpleasant allegations of the type with which your paper and "John Bull" have become so closely associated.

As to whether these allegations have any foundation of truth, I do not venture to express an opinion.

In the same number, in your editorial notes, you print the following paragraph—as a matter of fact, it occupies the second position, and immediately follows a self-congratulatory paragraph concerning your new serial story, which you inform your readers "*has* caught on, my dears."

THE ACHING HEART.

This is the paragraph:

"AFTER ORMOND STREET, CHARING CROSS.

"It is really sickening. Who *is* responsible for the way our poor little children are treated in hospital? Here is the Charing Cross Hospital. Just read what a correspondent has to say, on another page, about the treatment accorded to poor children sent there, under the provision of the Children Act, by School Inspectors. It makes my heart ache to think of these helpless waifs and strays being treated in this way."

Dear kind lady, permit me to sympathise with the heart-aches which you allege have been troubling you. I sincerely trust that by the time this appears in print you will have recovered from them.

The experience that you may have had with doctors and nurses may not be the same as my own.

Being blessed with good health, I have seldom come into contact with these people, but when I have done so, I have admired them extremely. My finding has been that doctors are estimable men, who devote themselves to their profession without, in most cases, obtaining anything approaching an adequate financial return for their devotion.

As for nurses, in hospitals they are paid at about the same rate as an ordinary domestic servant, and, for the most part, they are ladies by birth, breeding, and instinct, gentle, considerate, and kind. If they were not devoted to their work of mercy, I fail to see why they should select such a profession.

WILL THEY ANSWER?

I do not suppose that the Charing Cross Hospital authorities will pay any attention to the attack which you print, and which you mother in your editorial notes.

I am inclined to think that the various attacks made by yourself and by your "companion journal" upon different people have ceased to arouse in the public anything except amusement, but doubtless you consider that you are doing a public duty in bringing the allegations of your "correspondent" into such prominence.

The London hospitals depend almost entirely upon voluntary contributions made by the public. Charity is one of the chief virtues, and one can have little pity for the man who abuses it. But my own feeling is that neither the doctors nor the nurses in Charing Cross Hospital, or in the Great Ormond Street Hospital, either neglect their duty or abuse the charity of the public.

CHARITY.

I observe in another part of your paper a weekly feature, entitled "Mrs. Bull's League of Charity." This shows that you are interested in charity; does it not strike you, dear madam, that you might extend a little more of that estimable quality towards doctors and nurses?

In spite of your opinion of them, I venture to hope that the women of Britain, for whom you profess to cater, but whom I sincerely trust you do not represent, will continue to retain their respect for our physicians and for the nurses who assist them in their noble work.

H. GRAY-REID.

LIFTS.

Not the hydraulic, or electric, or pneumatic sorts that carry us up and down our big buildings, but the other sort of "lift"—the lift that the wayfarer is so glad to accept when tramping through the rain, or when weary with much walking.

In a long experience of country roads I have scarcely ever appealed in vain to the stranger on the road, whether driving a carriage, a trap, a cart, or a threshing-machine.

Most drivers are only too glad of a chat on the road, and will readily pull up if you indicate that you would be glad of a lift.

In this way one comes across many an interesting character and can get peeps into strange lives.

On one occasion I was bold enough to indicate to the driver of an approaching motor-car that I should be glad of a lift. Sure enough, he pulled up, and seemed quite pleased to think I credited him with so much good fellowship as to be willing to let me get up beside him.

There is a readiness to be friendly among all users of the roads outside of towns, and there can surely be no harm in asking for what is so readily given, as a rule. And when you have reached your point and get down and express your thanks, the invariable "welcome" suggests that your company was not unpleasing.

WANDERERS.

MEN WHO ARE BUILT WITHOUT THE HOMING INSTINCT.

If the history of every family were written, and published to the world, what strange tragedies and stranger mysteries would be unfolded.

Not a few of these—indeed far more than is usually suspected—would centre round the disappearance of a son, perhaps a husband, even a father, who had been born with the cursed lust of wandering strongly developed.

This strange "kink" has sent men of all shades of ability, and of all classes of society, out into the wilderness of obscurity. They are roamers, homeless wanderers, never settling for long in one spot, for ever looking ahead and longing to be somewhere else.

Not every man can cut himself off entirely from his kith and kin and go off into the unknown. Only those in whose blood the settling instinct is absent ever take to the roving life.

They can never shake it off.

For weeks, months, and even for years, they will live the ordinary lives of everyday human beings. Their friends remark the change, and begin to congratulate themselves that So-and-So has outgrown his propensity to appear for long periods of time.

Then, suddenly, in the midst of his ordinary avocation, without a word of warning, without excuse, explanation, or visible reason, the man strolls off one day and is never heard of for months, and perhaps years.

Their departure is marked by no preparation. They are not excited at the prospect of breaking away once more from conventional life! Indeed they themselves seem unconscious of their coming departure.

Silently, often in the very early morning, a time that seems to have peculiar attractions for the wanderer—he is gone clean away, and not a soul can tell whither, nor when he will, if ever, return.

That friends grow anxious and worried does not apparently enter into the wanderer's thoughts. He, indeed, seems to be in the hands of some tremendous attractive power that prevents the victim from acting or thinking to the ordinary ways of civilisation.

To try to trace such a one is hopeless. Disappearance, complete and mysterious, is at the bidding of no known or obvious power. It is their rule of life, and if tragedy is involved in such a disappearance, the tragedy must run its course.

In their actions these wanderers seem to claim complete immunity from the responsibilities that beset and govern the actions of the average man.

Under the spell of the wanderer-lust they know no duty to friend or neighbour. They are self-centred. Heaven alone knows what thoughts are theirs as they travel endlessly on and on to some dim and vaguely perceived goal that seems ever to be receding before them.

Years may pass, the absent one's name may have dropped out of the casual and even the conversation of his family and friends, and may have been given up entirely by both, for better or worse.

Then without warning the wanderer will return. He will make no flourish of trumpets, but strolls unconcernedly home up the garden path and enters the house as if he had been five minutes ago gone to post a letter.

Without effort on his part the old life is resumed. There is no explanation, no hesitancy in returning. The door happens to be open and the wanderer entered, calm, and almost resenting any expression of surprise, or pleasure, or curiosity as to the paths he had followed so long alone.

H. TARNWOOD

A SKETCH OF BACHELOR LIFE.

THE CASUALS' AMOURS

By E. SAINSBURY.

The Good old Matron of Casual Villa, on days when a period of great care with regard to cigarette-ash and loose match-wood had put her in good temper, would often condescend to make maternal observations upon the "amours" of the Inmates.

These observations were always the same, so that I have, for instance, no difficulty in remembering that chief among them (spoken archly) was: "Ah, I know the style of you young gentlemen" (unnecessary emphasis on the "gentlemen"). "You love all the girls a little, and yourselves a great deal. You're young butterflies, but mind that a girl doesn't catch you an' fix you to a cork with a *very* sharp pin."

How true were the words of the Matron with regard to Clive Traney and Vinny Dempster! Both of them are now in the state that has reduced them to one-quarter of the pocket-money they enjoyed when they were in the roving-butterfly stage. Their wings have given the last flutter. Only in imagination can they flit again over those fields of Daisies and Rosies and Lilies—other girls that were as sweet, although they were not of such floral nomenclature.

We were very much like the sailor referred to by the poet, who used to "pay his *devours* when he had devoured his pay." (It is the sailor I mean. He will never have any pay to devour.)

We used to go girl-hunting on bleak winter evenings when we had no money to give us any interest in life, when the doors of the comfortable smoke-rooms were closed against us, when the click of the billiard balls was but an irritant, and the sight of the green cloth a torture.

"It's no use," Vinny Dempster would say, jingling his bunch of keys. "Let's go down the Parade and 'get off.'"

Vinny Dempster was always the leader as well as the humorist of the party. We did anything he suggested merely so that he should not get miserable." With Vinny in that state life's interest for us was utterly gone. And unless we could shine in some sphere or the other, the inspiration of the true humorist would descend upon him, at the same time permeating our atmosphere like a tin of carbide gone wrong.

And we would take advantage of a big looking-glass that pandered to feminine vanity outside the barber's shop; we would pull our ties up, place our rolled gold safety pins in a perky position and turn down our coat collars and, assuming a devil-may-care air, make for the Parade.

We did things so thoroughly in the Adonis department that on bitterly cold evenings I have seen Vinny Dempster to take off his hideously warm overcoat, which was nicknamed by us "The Blanket," and throw it negligently over his arm so that the lining, which was extremely gay-looking, could be exhibited.

And this was only when he was wearing his best suit—and what really "best" suit ever did consist of anything but summer-weight blue serge material? And those icy cold evenings!

"I'll hang it!" Vinny would often say, when, through the chattering of his teeth, we inquired whether he felt chilly. "My teeth aren't responsible for *all* the row. Some of it's the marrow bones clucking."

And he did all this for Love—with his blood at the lowest possible temperature! When, these days, a young man who is mashed on the prettiest of barmaids informs me over a friendly glass of hot rum in his diggings, that the night is too cold for Cupid, he has written to the girl a feeling indisposition, it becomes plain to me that Love is on the down-grade. There are no danger-defying Sir Lancelots about now, and the Vinny Dempster type that could be amorous in thirty degrees of frost is likewise extinct.

Our "game," I may say, was always legitimate; our very penuriousness must show that. In the case of young men there is nothing like a lack of lucre to promote the strict and continual observance of virtue. We got "names" as philanderers but never as consorters with the professional element. We loved lightly and, if circumstances permitted it, we "rode away" (as required by the tenets of Romance)—on a Corporation tram-car.

It was from the coverts of the big shops that we flushed our "game." They were shop-girls—a class which, Vinny says in these days of his respectability, bored him to extinction. It is a self-inflicted penance which he suffered with admirable fortitude in that good time when we were inmates of Casual Villa.

We used to hunt strictly *en suite*, and we either linked arms with a party of three girls or none at all. Turning the glad eye on couples of girls was statute-barred, and the offender was promptly penalised by being sent to speak to them by himself, and to remain with them the rest of the evening.

Apart from the "Two's company; three's a crowd" theory the unfortunate casual so punished found himself floundering in the deep waters of conversational ineptitude. Singly, we were practically helpless.

To put it truthfully, we owed our reputation as wits to the fact that we had long since reduced our conversational tactics to a system. We encouraged stories against ourselves. We gave one to the other golden opportunities of scoring.

With Vinny well set in his part of jester, often enough we found that the three couple of us, arms-linked flirtatiously, had walked two miles beyond the Parade, barbour-mouthwards, before we realised it. And then came much effort to hold a match alight in the wind to look at Vinny's gun-metal watch.

What anguish we used to suffer on the fair ones' account when we noted the lateness of the hour; what relief it was when Vinny blandly informed us that it was forty-two minutes fast by the town hall clock. And what racing-pace walking ensued when Vinny observed, fifteen minutes later, that he was not sure whether he put it back to the correct time or no.

Just as Providence often gives big legacies to people who are already living on an eighth of their income, so it was ordained that the one watch we boasted between us should be in the possession of the totally untrustworthy, absent-minded, irresponsible Vinny Dempster.

We believed very rigorously in the proverbial "safety-in-numbers" maxim, for at the outset of our hunting we had a horrible example of the folly of philandering monogamy. It was placed before us in the case of Clive Traney.

Clive was a composite being. Possessing no vote and understanding not as much as the difference between a Liberal and a Conservative, he was apathetic about Parliamentary affairs until someone told him his face reminded her (of course it was "Her") of Mr. Winston Churchill.

Obsessed with his patent of personal beauty and nobility, Clive became at one and the same time a politician and a lover.

We forgave him for the former, but the latter we openly vetoed. We told him that if he went off alone with that girl it was a sure thing that she would have him in her toils in less than no time.

Vinny pointed out to Clive that with all his experience, even he, Vinny, would not trust himself with less than three females at a time.

I helped matters by telling him a doleful story of a young grocer's assistant—Clive was in that trade—who had found himself married at twenty-one, a father at twenty-two and a bankrupt at twenty-two and a quarter. Still, Clive was not to be deterred.

Then ensued a depressing interregnum in which Vinny and I had to break the ice with a new set of shop-girls who went about in pairs instead of in trios.

In the meantime Clive went entirely mad. He allowed himself to be asked to the lady's house to supper. He came home and boasted—ay, actually boasted!—of the fact that the lady's mother had called him by his Christian name and treated him "*like one of the family.*"

Vinny's face was a study when Clive made that remark. Yet, as he said, it was useless to try to reason with a man who was assuredly insane. He would never have seen that it is safer to be a ship driving on the Goodwin Sands than to occupy the position of a "friend of the family" in a girl's home.

The climax of his folly was reached when that designing minx's birthday came round. Clive got only growls from us in answer to his query as to what he should buy her for a present. Then there occurred to him the brilliant idea of asking her what she would like herself. She asked for one of those things to which man is a poor second in the heart of woman—she asked for a new hat!

It was a "ducky" affair of the floppy style, with an Indian-woven scarf that cost ten times as much as the straw "shape." She brought Clive the bill, and Clive paid, at the same time mentally knocking himself off a new suit he had in prospect.

Now, as I have pointed out, Clive was no Adonis. Furthermore, Vinny had long pinned his hopes on the possibility of a secession from Clive on the part of the girl, for at church parade we had oft noticed her eye regard a certain young architect's assistant with more than passing interest. Yet she had never been as much as noticed by that handsome youth.

But with the new hat things were altered.

It was the one splash of magnificence that set off the lady's *tout ensemble*. The next Sunday, on the Parade, the designer of new art houses was decidedly hit by the apparition, and he read her smile aright.

I should not, perhaps, continue the relation of this veracious history, for you will already have guessed what happened.

I cannot say that I was altogether disappointed, although, perhaps, I ought to have been.

Lovers must fight their battles without sympathy.

That evening Clive, who had taken the safety of his position too much for granted, was the merest minute late for his appointment. When he arrived She was nowhere to be seen.

Had he walked in the right direction, he might have seen that which he heard of on the morrow.

Ah, there was naught lacking in our description of the couple we met—one the architect's assistant, and the other a lady wearing the prettiest of floppy hats, strolling along serenely and amorously, their arms linked and their cheeks touching, beneath the mellow moonlight that danced on the phosphorescent sea.

Sport — or Books

WHICH SHOULD A MAN CHOOSE?

Theoretically, of course, a man should regard his day's work as the one aim and object of his existence. Sometimes he does so, but usually he views his day's labour merely as his time of bread-earning.

It is only the big man in a responsible, and therefore interesting, position, who can throw into his daily labours the whole of his energy. The average man does his work dutifully and carefully, but his real interest in life remains to be expended during his leisure.

There are two ways in which he can expend it profitably. The one is in the reading of books; the other, in participating in active sports.

Books may be described as a man's silent friends. They bring before him a new world, a world more romantic than that to which he is accustomed, and in such an atmosphere his mind finds scope for those imaginative flights and imaginative satisfactions that are denied to him during those hours when he is dealing with the world instead of reading about the conception of the world that writers may present to his notice.

The reading of novels and of works of fiction in general may become almost a mania.

Under their influence a man may find his highest pleasure. He may be for the moment a king, so far as pleasure in life is concerned, but when the book is laid aside, and he returns to take his part in the work-a-day world, he finds that the pleasurable moments given to him by the genius of the novelist have not, in any way, helped him.

THE LUST FOR BOOKS.

There are books of another type. I mean what are usually called serious books—books dealing with history, geology, and the sciences in general, and particularly books dealing with your own profession or trade.

To study them may not give you the same pleasure as you find in the reading of a novel, but if you choose books of this type wisely, their perusal will probably assist you in earning more money.

I believe that there is such a thing as a lust for books, and that a man may regard the volumes on his bookshelves much as another man may regard his sweetheart. He may become obsessed with the idea that books are everything, and the only things that can give him pleasure.

A similar idea is prevalent in other quarters with regard to sport, and we find men who believe that to fill every moment of their leisure by participating in one form or another of sport or games is the only wise method to follow.

EXTREMES.

Their arguments in favour of their belief are more or less convincing, the chief being that, as they spend the best part of the day in following a sedentary occupation, their health demands that they should pass the evenings, Saturdays, Sundays, and all other spare time, in active exercise of the body.

I do not think that medical readers will contradict me when I say that if a man leads an ordinary, clean, straight life, and takes reasonable care in regard to his health, his body will keep in perfect working order with comparatively little exercise.

The sporting enthusiast is much like the book enthusiast. His sport certainly benefits his physique, which gives him a reasonable excuse, but, if he would only admit the truth to himself, he indulges in it chiefly because he likes it, and not for utilitarian reasons. He gratifies his lust for sport just as the book-worm gratifies his lust for books.

The over-enthusiast is never a very attractive person, but he is certainly twenty times better than the man whose enthusiasm is never aroused.

The most pleasing, however, is the man who, in his spare time, indulges in sport to a reasonable extent, who takes a sufficient interest in books, and who also knows how to spend a lazy half-hour doing nothing in particular, except storing up energy for the next day's work.

C. WOLFF.

BEING CORRECT.

DIAGNOSIS OF A FOOLISH AMBITION.

Half the trouble in this world is due to the fact that so many people desire to be correct.

You find it in the case of the suburban lady who runs an establishment beyond her means, although—as, of course, everybody knows—she would be much more comfortable if she lived in a manner according to her finances.

She, however, does not concern us much, but the same trouble occurs in matters which more intimately concern us in a masculine way.

Probably there is nothing more pitiful than the young man who endeavours to be correct. Everything depends upon the standard which he sets up.

Sometimes he wants to be a "blood," and to be such he considers it necessary to smoke more than he wants to do, and to drink far more than is good for him.

Every man wants to be consistent. He does not desire to go in for anything, or be a member of any community where he will feel out of place; and in certain quarters there has arisen the impression that to be a member of the Territorial Force, one must be a whisky-drinking "blood."

Nothing could be farther from the truth. In certain units of the Territorial Force excessive drinking may be prevalent, but it is pleasant to record the fact that this sort of thing is by no means usual, and in the best regiments a man is respected for being a teetotaler and a non-smoker, if these happen to be his principles.

There came to the writer's notice the case of a young man who was in every way fitted to become a member of the Territorial Force, but who would not join because he could not play billiards.

He believed that in order to be companionable with his fellow-troopers it would be necessary for him to be able to play billiards well.

It is difficult to understand what proficiency at the game of billiards has to do with a man's usefulness in a Territorial regiment, but that was his impression. "I want to do the right thing," he said, and his view is one that is shared by many.

Wherever men meet together there are established certain rules and regulations, some of them enforced, and some of them merely understood, but the writer has yet to come across the man who will not be welcomed in anything which he may join provided he is a genuine good sort, true to his own principles, tolerant as to other people's views, and willing to be pleasant.

R. H. WOOTON.

HUNTING FOR IDEALS.

THE EVERYDAY SEARCH FOR THE IMPOSSIBLE.

Every man is in search of ideals, whether they be high, low, or medium. Whatever they may be the difficulties of the hunt are pretty much the same.

Always men are just upon the ideal; their hand is stretched out to receive or take; and then something goes wrong. A new light is thrown upon the object, or idea, or plan, and henceforth it is no longer an ideal, but something that ought to be. It cannot be dignified or glorified by such a high-sounding term.

Do not suppose for a moment that ideals are only to be sought in relation to things that are out of reach of most of us during the greater part of our working lives. There is the ideal pair of boots, the ideal pair of conduct, but there is also the ideal pair of trousers. Likewise there is the ideal lover; there is also the ideal boxer, the ideal shaving-soap, the ideal drink, the ideal waiter.

It is in our search for the ideal in everyday life that men are constantly being thwarted and disappointed.

Take, for instance, tobacco. Who has not, in every blessed, or cursed, brand on the market, been in search of one he can stick to and henceforth call it "my brand"? We have all indulged in this search.

Some friend has come upon us suddenly. After the first greetings he pulls out his pouch. "Oh, I say, old man, I've found the ideal tobacco at last," and forthwith he proceeds to describe its merits. "Just fill your pipe," he continues.

The first whiffs are certainly good. There is sourness, no burning of the tongue. All is sweet, fragrant—and cool. You agree that it is a fine brand, you lament your own futile search for "something I can stick to and depend on always."

You wind up by asking for the address of the tobacconist who sells this ideal, and for days you haunt the place, never daring to go about without a full supply.

The days go by, and then one morning you begin to think over all the sorts of tobacco you have ever smoked, and come reluctantly to the conclusion that this latest is not the best after all. You are, in fact, tired of it. Another ideal smashed!

If you do much writing, you are ever on the look out for the ideal pen or pencil. Something smooth, not too soft, not too hard, something, in fact, that will best suit your handwriting.

Every stationer's shop—possibly—holds the ideal, and your pence fly for a few days while you collect samples.

At last you find "the ideal." There is no blemish in it. And for days you use it with delight, until suddenly its virtues vanish and you discard it.

For weeks you think you have found your newspaper. The politics may or may not matter anything to you, but its general character suits you for the time being "just what I've been looking for for ages."

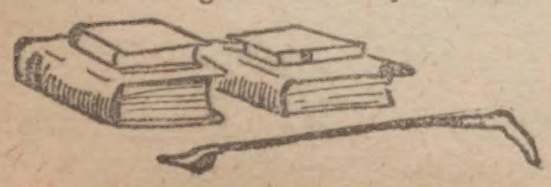
Its good points chain your attention every morning as you go up to business. Then one day, with a sort of apology to your ideal paper, you say to yourself you throw down your halfpenny or penny on the bookstall and say, "I think I'll have the 'Daily Wobbler' this morning. I've been on the 'Daily Dodger' for a long time, and I'm getting sick of it." Another ideal gone!

The story is just the same throughout the whole of life. Few things can be accepted as ideal, and incessant change is necessary.

Your ideal form of athletics begins to stale after a time. How many men there are who at one time, perhaps, regarded cycling as the finest form of recreation! Now, if you mention cycling to them, they are no more enthusiastic than if you mentioned babies!

All of which facts tend to show that the all-round man gets the most out of life. He who sets his heart on "ideals," and consequently is never depressed when they fail him.

H. F. JENKINS.



A Farm holiday in March

WHEN OPEN AIR AND FIREGLOW ARE EQUALLY WELCOME.

It is a very delightful experience to pack your bag and be off to the country for three weeks just when the year is opening.

There is a selfish delight in leaving the workers busy, but probably only a few of these would envy you the time you are about to enjoy. So that on this score there is little to be said. Indeed, you may have to stand up for your point of view and defend your "madness" in leaving town just when the year is opening, and the thrill of a new season is felt in business and trade, in sport and society.

Many people could not leave work just now; still more would not do so.

But to me these days and weeks of the opening year are of incalculable interest, and afford me incalculable pleasure when spent deep in the country.

A SEASON OF CHANGE.

There are a hundred reasons why, to me, this is so. The intermediate period, when one season is giving place to another, is always a time of more varied interest than in the settled times when the one season is in full swing, and there is no doubt about it.

For one thing there is a great deal of enjoyment in watching the change from the heavy skies of real winter to the opening, broken, cleaner, lighter skies of early spring.

The clouds of early spring are easily rent by wind and pierced by sun. Seldom are they long in an unbroken monotony of dirty grey such as winter provides.

To watch a high wind scattering the clouds, giving glimpses of a far, deep blue expanse beyond, is unmatched pleasure. Against the wind the soaring rooks struggle and fling themselves as they make towards the still bare trees where already they are nesting.

Then one day, long before its name seems to indicate, comes the first real April shower—though still it is early March. A rich shining blue cloud comes bowling over; heavy, drenching drops come clapping down; the cloud breaks, the sun gleams out on a sprinkled world, the shower passes away, and a hundred scents are liberated from the earth.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

But it is not too far into the year to enjoy the comforts of the hearth and to feel still a keenness about the snug delights of long nights spent by the fireside. It is always cold enough to warrant a brew of something warm and potent.

Within the long, low farm room, decorated with the New Year almanacks sent by hopeful tradesmen, the ancient horse-hair sofa still stands at a convenient angle from the fireside. A heap of sawn logs lies within reach of the occupant of the fireside corner, and a singing kettle is sometimes useful.

The farmer's wife, too, seems almost unwilling to part from real winter. She bakes the spiciest cakes, and the most substantial luxuries as far into the year as the weather warrants.

When the summer comes these things are forgotten, but now the fresh-cut cake, steaming and savoury from the oven, never fails to tempt.

OUT AND ABOUT.

There are no signs in the country as yet of the turn of the tide of other holiday-makers. You may roam from village to village, pedalling easily on the bicycle, and see only the labourer, the school children, and the sturdy parson tramping to the uttermost ends of his parish.

Here and there—most delicious sight of all—the hedges show a patch of faint green. You stop and examine these first opening clusters of "bread-and-cheese" as if you had located diamonds.

Over the trim hedge of that country house, whose shutters still cover the windows—the squire is in town—there are long green leaves of daffodil and all its varieties. Here and there one is open, a solitary pioneer, trying to keep alive and bright in the east wind.

Shooting has ceased. The last shot sounded weeks ago, and for this time at least you can go into the deepest woods without let or hindrance.

Keep a shilling handy, though, and you may make an indifferent keeper into a most communicative and entertaining one.

Perhaps, when you are far from any road, he may hand you the gun and tell you to keep an eye open for rabbits bolting across the woodland drive.

MARKET DAY.

On market day there is a chance of driving in with the farmer to the town. Here for a whole morning there is ample entertainment.

There is bargaining everywhere as you just stroll from street to street among the country crowds. And by twelve you are ready for the "farmer's ordinary" at the "Lamb," where you meet your friend again.

Though your own appetite is terrific, you are still far behind him in capacity.

This lunch on market day is a splendid institution. It has survived countless other customs. It is leisurely, friendly, informal, hearty, and altogether delightful.

Round the table there is racy talk and friendly chaffing. It is a clearing-house for the gossip and news of half a county, and you cannot help feeling that though these men meet perhaps once a month, they are still united by a bond that gains its strength from no written law but from a community of interest—in the soil.

HOME AGAIN.

Afterwards, when the settling-up is done, one by one the diners leave; and you can hear the sharp clatter of their horses' hoofs on the cobbles of the inn-yard as they start homeward. Almost you can see them lower the whip and duck the head a little—though this is unnecessary—as they pass under the old-fashioned archway into the street.

By the time you jump down at the gate of the farm-yard you are quite ready for tea and a stretch before the fire.

Later on you join the farmer and his son and wife at a rubber at whist. There is whisky, cherry brandy—what you will in fact—and a roaring log fire, and —— but what more could you want?

It is after eleven and, yes, you want bed and sleep.

So you go sleepily up that turning staircase, up a step here, down two there, along a chilly passage past the stuffed waterfowl, and then into the bedroom till daylight.

C. EASTON-GREY.

CLUB NEWS.

NEWCASTLE AND DISTRICT MODERN MAN CLUB.—At the first general meeting the following officers were unanimously elected: J. A. Shepherd, President; G. F. Jeffreyes, Vice-President; S. B. Forster, Secretary; J. Walker, Treasurer. A committee was then elected, consisting of J. S. Black, A. B. Russell, R. M. Riley, W. J. Robinson, T. V. Murray, W. G. Cummings, H. Martin, and P. Railton.

EDINBURGH MODERN MAN SOCIAL AND ATHLETIC CLUB.—Mr. W. A. Halliday, the Secretary requests us to state that the Smoking Concert in connection with this club, will be held in the Hall, 4, Marshall Street, on Friday, March 10th. Tickets cost 6d. each and may be had from him. The E.M.M.S. and A. clubroom, at India Buildings, Victoria Street, Edinburgh, is open to all sportsmen every night, except Sunday, from 7.30 p.m. till 10.30 p.m.

OLDHAM MODERN MAN ATHLETIC CLUB.—A whist drive and dance in connection with this club will be held on Tuesday, March 7, at the Reform Club, Union Street, Oldham. Tickets can be had from Mr. J. B. Wright, 13, Mumps, Oldham.

BRISTOL MODERN MAN CLUB.—The Secretary, Mr. E. Blackburn, 40, Robertson Road, Eastville, Bristol, wants all readers in Bristol to communicate with him, in order that the club may be as strong in membership as possible.

HARLESDEN MODERN MAN SOCIAL AND ATHLETIC CLUB.—This club has decided to change its name to the Willesden Modern Man Social and Athletic Club. At the general meeting it was unanimously decided to elect J. A. Shepherd President.

NEW BRIGHTON MODERN MAN CLUB.—A public meeting in connection with the formation of this club will be held on Wednesday, March 1st, at the Egremont Institute, facing the Ferry, Tobin, Egremont, Cheshire. All readers in the district, and also in Liverpool and Birkenhead, will be welcomed. The Secretary is Mr. R. D. Morris, 30, Richmond Street, New Brighton, Cheshire.

BIRMINGHAM MODERN MAN CLUB.—The first meeting was a great success. Already there are forty members. The meeting unanimously elected J. A. Shepherd as President. The Secretary is Mr. W. R. Searle, 67, Edmund Road, Adderley Park, Birmingham.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. S. Williams, 2, Corless Street, Everton, Liverpool, is organising a MODERN MAN Club in that city. All local readers are invited to communicate with him, and to support him in every way.

BELFAST MODERN MAN CLUB.—The headquarters are at the Royal Hotel, Wellington Place. Mr. R. Boyd, the Secretary, 17, India Street, Belfast, will be happy to enrol those desirous of joining.

TO ALL MODERN MAN CLUB SECRETARIES.—We have had a number of blocks made of the famous sketch by Mr. Stanley L. Wood, depicting the rider and horse which also figure in the League badge. These blocks will be very useful for dance programmes and so forth, and we shall be happy to send one—entirely free of all cost, of course—to any Club Secretary who wishes one.

FINSBURY PARK AND CROUCH END MODERN MAN CLUB.—The club headquarters at 144, Crouch Hill, N., are open every day from 5.30 p.m. to 10.45 p.m., and on Saturdays from 1 p.m. to 11.30 p.m. All readers will receive a hearty welcome.

AT YOUR SERVICE.

OUR READERS' SALE AND EXCHANGE (ON PAGE 3 OF COVER) IS ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE AND ALWAYS INTERESTING.

MODERN BRIGANDS

DANGERS THAT BESET THE TRAVELLER.

So potent a factor is brigandage in modern travel that no insurance company will take the risk of a tourist's safety if he elects to make a pilgrimage in certain parts of the world. The recent condition of Morocco, and the personal genius of Raisuli, made that country to the minds of most of us the most dangerous place on earth as far as brigandage is concerned, but the vogue of robbery there was due to the special circumstances mentioned; for old established reputation in this respect the dominions of the Sultan, both European and Asiatic, lead easily.

Not long ago a brigand band determined to tap the British Government for a ransom. They had their eye on a Mr. Abbott, a wealthy resident in Salonica, but one of them found out that Mr. Abbott's son, Robert, though muscular, was both deaf and dumb, and finally they determined to kidnap him in preference to his father.

TWO CASES IN TURKEY.

Mr. Abbott's house is in a fashionable suburb close to the residences of the British Consul and the chief of police, and within earshot of a police station.

Nevertheless, when Robert Abbott stepped off the tramway car one evening and entered the drive leading to his father's house he was overpowered by four men and immediately carried off. It is certain that the outrage must have been observed by several people, but such is the terrorism in the district that no one dared to interfere.

It was several weeks before his relatives heard from the brigands, who demanded £15,000. Sir Edward Grey communicated with the Sultan, but he, as usual, refused to pay, and it was not till a ransom had been handed over by the British authorities that the captive was released.

Just a year previously that same band endeavoured to make money out of Mr. Philip Martin Wills, an Englishman who was superintending the cultivation of tobacco in the neighbourhood. They demanded a gigantic ransom, and the British Consul-General at Salonica was negotiating for its reduction when they forwarded to him Mr. Wills's ear as a gentle reminder that they meant business. Immediately on its receipt preparations were made for forwarding the money, but before it was dispatched Mr. Wills escaped.

A LUCKY ESCAPE.

Many of my readers will remember how, about three years ago, Colonel Elliot, a British officer who had been engaged to reorganise the police of Macedonia, was captured by a band of Bulgarian brigands. Four giants seized him as he walked unescorted down the street of the village of Gyuredjik, and resistance at the moment was useless, for his assailants were quickly joined by others.

Such was their hurry, however, that they failed to search him for firearms. Presently, as they made their way to the hills, fire was opened upon the robbers by the Colonel's escort, who had now started in pursuit.

While the brigands turned to open fire on their pursuers Colonel Elliot drew his revolver and shot five of the men dead. He was wounded in the thigh, but succeeded in showing the rest of the band a clean pair of heels.

THE CENTAUR HIGHWAYMAN.

One of the most extraordinary brigands who ever broke the sixth Commandment was the centaur-highwayman of Constantine in Algeria. Some years ago he was arrested by the French authorities, and sentenced to imprisonment for life because of his many crimes.

While in prison, however, he lost both his legs by an accident, and, in consideration of this and of his good behaviour, his sentence was commuted, and in 1906 he was released.

In spite of his physical drawbacks he again returned to the highway, riding a splendid Arab horse so admirably that he received the nickname mentioned. For some months he robbed travellers and farmhouses, but was finally recaptured and given another life-sentence. He is not likely to be released again.

A STRANGE CHRISTENING.

Some of the Spanish brigands are extremely religious. Not very long ago a priest and a young woman were abducted in broad daylight in the streets of Cordova and carried to the mountains. There the priest was requested to christen a baby brigand, and the girl was asked to be its godmother.

When the ceremony had been gone through, the two captives were conducted to the outskirts of their city, and a small parcel was pressed into the girl's hands. When she opened it she discovered that it contained a pair of human ears to which were attached ear-rings worth a fabulous amount.

In January, 1905, Vivillo, one of the most notorious of Spain's robbers, called at the house of Senor Toscano, a wealthy landowner near Seville. He was accompanied by six of his band dressed in uniforms of mounted constables, and he informed his host that he was a lieutenant of police who had been specially told off to capture Vivillo.

With the unsuspecting gentleman the brigand then had dinner, at the end of the meal revealing his identity and demanding £3,000. The sum was immediately handed over, and shortly afterwards Vivillo disappeared from the country. It is said by some that he became a monk at the little Devonshire monastery of Buckfastleigh.

One of the most romantic life stories is that of Mick Walsh, a famous Wyoming desperado who was recently killed in a shooting affray.

When a young man he emigrated from Ireland to Australia, and from there to San Francisco, which town he had to leave as the result of some discreditable episode.

MICK WALSH OF WYOMING.

He got work on a Wyoming ranch, where he promptly fell in love with the owner's daughter. Her father heard of it, sent the girl to a convent, and sacked the man. Walsh placed himself at the head of a band of desperate brigands, surrounded the convent and rescued his sweetheart.

Rain was pouring down, and the girl was so drenched that she contracted pneumonia and died. From that moment Walsh became a desperate man. He held the whole state in terror, and though as much as £10,000 was at one time set upon his head, he was never captured.

When a brigand is caught, he suffers badly at the hands of the people who have hitherto been afraid even to breathe his name.

The notorious Italian brigand Faltori was recently surprised in the house of a cousin at Padua. He kept the police at bay for a considerable time, but eventually, his revolver having given out, he was captured. The police did their best to protect him from the angry mob, but before he reached the station one of his eyes was torn out.

ONE TO HIS LORDSHIP.

A few years ago Lord Mountmorres outwitted a band of Arab brigands who had captured the shipwrecked crew of a French steamer on the North-West African coast.

The local kaid was powerless to save the prisoners, and it was highly probable that they would have been killed, when fortunately his lordship's schooner appeared on the scene. He invited two of the leading brigands to come aboard to discuss the question of ransom, and after some negotiation he announced to the band that his two hostages would be hanged unless the sailors were released.

Accordingly the nineteen Frenchmen were placed in safety in the kaid's fort, from which they were transferred to a French cruiser, which, when it was all over, presented itself.

J. F. HORLICK.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

If you are a regular reader of this paper, you ought also to be a member of THE MODERN MAN League, with all its advantages.

The wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

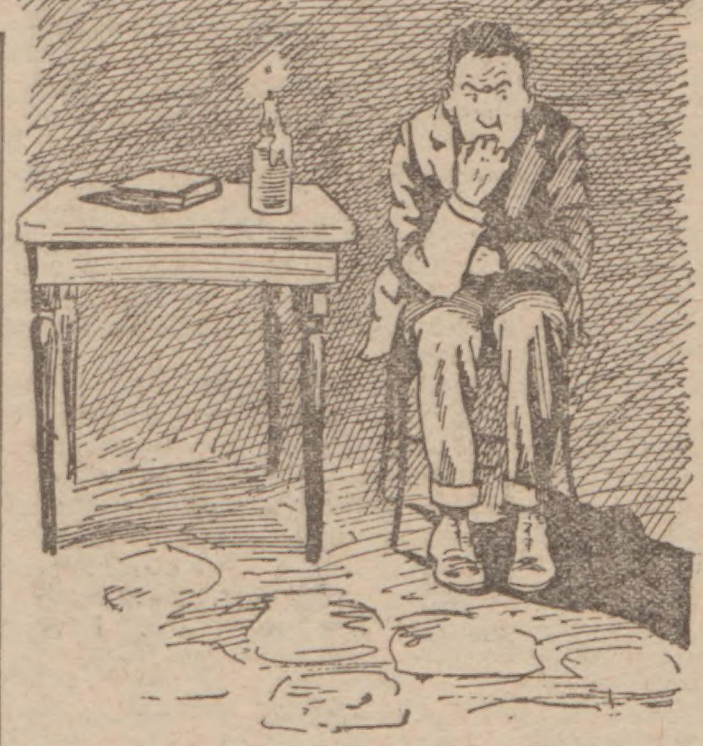
.....

The League Badge. Actual Size.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

Mr. Hinton's Own Invasion

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.



In a favourite resort of minor playwrights and minimus actors, hard by Kean Street, W.C., the aged mummer, warmed into a generous flow of conversation by several glasses of comforting hot toddy at the expense of the stranger, flung the alarmist halfpenny-worth of newspaper from him in disgust.

"National service! Conscription! Invasion! Bah, sir!" said he. "Bah, sir! The only serious invasion *we* shall see is the one we're seeing now—that is to say, sir, the invasion of the music-hall stage by members of the legitimate profession.

"If the caste is lower, the cheques are bigger. Of no single thing is the saying, 'where there's dirt there's money,' more true.

"These people who are leaving the old ship will amass fortunes, sir, same as the stars. But being a cut above the usual run of music-hall artist you'll see them buying up tumble-down old halls in the country. You'll find them in shooting-jackets and riding-breeches—like supers out of 'The Whip.' But they'll do the country squire act to perfection—same as my old friend, Cosmo Gladey, does to-day."

The landlord—who possessed the distinction of an appearance almost as greasy as his customers, the broken-down actors who owed for their drinks if it was possible to avoid producing the sordid lucre—leaned, confidentially, over the bar counter.

"What these rusticating actors must on no account do is to follow dear old Gladey's example, eh, Mr. Fortescue?" said he. "Once in the country they must cut their own kind."

"Quite right," the alleged Mr. Fortescue agreed urbanely. "Quite right. If those stodgy Teutons did come here (though heaven only knows *why* they want to) they'd hoof the German waiters out of every restaurant in London, quick. As you say, landlord, ex-members of the legit. doing the squire act, must in future bar Hintons, eh?"

"My word, ay!" said the landlord laughing. "You must have known Hinton, sir?" he added to the stranger.

"Dimly," his casual customer replied. "An unpleasant little person—with pince-nez on a chain; small; yellowish, thin hair; way of rubbing his hands in the warmest of weather; very obsequious; dresser to someone, I think."

"You've placed him right enough," said the mummer, wiping a spot of hot whisky off his ragged astrachan. "You call him an unpleasant little person? Too mild. He was a—slug. Why, bang it, sir, if these old arms could hold a rifle when England has need of men to hold rifles, well, sir,——

"'Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close up the wall with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears
Then imitate the action of the tiger'. . ."

The ancient tragedian had risen and taken up such dramatic pose as met with the slowly-nodded approval of the landlord.

"There's life in the old dawg yet," he commented, with some slight touch of admiration.

Mr. Fortescue's eyes dimmed, but he sat down again calmly and withdrew from a worn cigarette-case that once had been of the very shiniest tin, a Wild Woodbine.

"Yes," he went on, puffing luxuriously, "that's it. Imitate the action of the tiger! But that was not little Hinton's line. You've heard him talk, landlord?"

"Ay, I have that! He'd sit here, sir. Where you're sittin' was his seat (no offence meant) and he'd say the Germans could come and be hanged to them. Why should he shed his blood for a lot of bloated capitalists? Why should he risk a bullet in the place where his dinner should be, merely because the inane idiots in Germany—capitalists again—were so anxious either to expand or bust?"

"He looked up the ethics of it," Mr. Fortescue put in. "He found that, according to the usages of war, he, as a non-combatant, would not be touched. As regards property, all he had to lose was a few sticks of furniture in the room he rented somewhere in Bloomsbury, and he didn't doubt that the Germans would be so amused at the antics of his guv'nor, Mr. Cosmo Gladey, that they'd let him off with a caution not to be an Englishman again. So his (Hinton's) job as his dresser would still be safe. . . . *His* job. Selfish little swine!

"As the Bard of Avon said, sir, a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. Yet how frequently it is that they prosper! Hinton prospered, because his guv'nor, having made a nice little pile, was not so avaricious as certain beggars I could name. He chucked up the footlights, and took as nice a place as a man could wish to have in the country.

"'Hinton,' he said to his dresser, 'No more, grease paint for me. I'm going down to the country to cultivate cabbages and carrots, and things, and you shall be my housekeeper, steward, and general attendant, Hinton,' says he—or words to that effect.

"Little Hinton spun us he whole yarn that evening. He was very bumptious about it. He talked a lot about the pheasants he was goin' to eat twice a week when in season, and about partridges, and snipe on toast. You know, sir. They hang 'em on a spit, and turn 'em round in front of the fire. Their gravy drips on to the toast, luscious, my lord, luscious!

"At that time it made the mouths of the boys water. He drew out the description of the snipe on toast like a blinkin' epicure. It was little short of fiendish, you know. And there were we poor devils doomed to think ourselves uncommonly lucky if a plate of tripe and onions came our way as a savoury.

"But you will observe that this was our last chance of having a cut at little Hinton, and we weren't slow to take advantage of it when we had got out of him the fact that his boss was goin' to take a place just about a mile and a half inland from the Essex coast—an hour and a bit from London.

"'Well, you've nicely shopped yourself now,' said young Trevor Barton. (He's making a name for himself to-day, but, barring the fact that he was head of our little coterie, he was then a super both on the legitimate *and* on life's stage.) 'You've put your foot well in it,' he says. 'What have you got to say about a German invasion *now!* . . . You—living within a mile and a half of a spot that has been fixed upon as one of their most likely landing-places!'

"'Desist, fair youth,' said little Hinton very largely. 'My way in such an emergency is clear. They would, I suppose, billet themselves upon us, but they would allow the occupiers of the house the kitchen, and, in addition, give a receipt for all they had—to be duly claimed from their government at the end of the war. So again, I say, why all this rot about taking up arms for the defence of your country? Those that want to fight, let 'em,' he says. 'A comfy snooze by the kitchen fire is good enough for me, and stopping the kettle from boiling over is far better than stopping bullets, to *my* mind.'

"And, shakin' hands greasily all round, off he went.

"'Why wasn't I a dresser to some budding Cosmo Gladey?' poor young Barton sighed. He was never what you might call fat when he first came to these parts, but at that time his trousers fairly flapped about his legs—fairly flapped as he walked, like the Union Jack in a breeze. And there was this low-minded, cowardly, carneying, gig-lamped dresser going down to the country to live on the best of the land!

"We broke up very miserably that night, sir, very miserably; and any man who mentioned the name of Hinton again was, by common consent, banished from our little coterie.

"Think of it—Hinton and snipe on toast! Mention of him whetted our appetite, and our one meal of the day proceeded to cost us more.

"Thus, until the game season was well in swing—until we had got to almost disregard our longing for game—we heard no more of Hinton.

"Then one morning Cosmo Gladey himself slings a bag into this very room.

"'Landlord,' he sang, 'you might take charge of that for me, will you? I'm catching the boat train from Charing Cross to-night, going over to see one of my steeplechasers run at Auteuil. Meantime, I've to see a pal. I'll come back for the bag by taxi,' he says. 'Phoo! What a smelly place this London is!'

"Then he recognises one or two of the boys.

"'Give all these boys a drop of the cup that cheers,' he says, 'order what you like, gentlemen, and I'll settle on my return.'

"As usual, he was in about as much of a hurry as a fragment of well-oiled lightning.

"'Half a minute, sir," says young Barton, suddenly. 'How's Hinton?'

"'Oh, merry and bright,' says Mr. Gladey. (Always was a pally sort of fellow—none of your stuck-up class.) 'He's all on his lonesome down at home,' he says. 'I shall be away for a week—given the servants a whole day.'

"'Prhaps he'd like some company, sir?' suggested young Barton, laughing.

"'Most likely. Why don't you boys run down for an evening? Only four bob return. Plenty of good grub, and he's got the keys of all but the wine-cellar, which with me is a *cuvée réservée*. But, I suppose beer is good enough for you, eh? Well, there you are, please yourselves—but remember, you'll have to empty your own slops. That's all,' he says.

"And he was off.

"'Julius Cæsar, wh' a chance!' said young Barton.

"'What a chance!' we all echoed—none of us having had a square meal for months and months.

"'I don't mean that,' said Barton, pulling at his loose waistcoat. 'If any of you fellows can kid round some of the late "Englishman's Home" people to lend you a uniform or two, why——'

"'Why *what*?' we shouted.

"'Why, little Hinton shall have his invasion!' says Barton."

Mr. Fortescue picked the lemon from his empty glass, sucked it, and then dropped it into an adjacent spittoon.

"It was an insanitary-looking set of Germans that rapped at the door of the Old Hall that very

evening," he said, "knocked and demanded admission in the name of the Kaiser.

"'Understand,' says poor little Hinton, sleepily—He'd been snoozing in the dining-room's very fattest arm-chair—'understand,' he says, 'that I'm a non-combatant. I knew it would come; but please, gentlemen, let it be clearly understood,' he says, 'that you have my full permission to invade, but kindly leave *me* alone.'

"On these words the false-bearded Barton, alias a first-class Empress-of-the-North commandant, lets go his ear. 'Right,' he says with an alleged German accent that a German would be ashamed of. 'Right, Sapristi!' he says (forgetting it was Italian, I suppose), 'we want something to eat—and let it be good,' he says, 'for I'm a judge of these things, having been a waiter in the Monico until this very morning.'

"You'll understand, sir, that I'm giving you within a little what he said. I was one of the soldiers also, but subsequently the supper got into my head.

"Anyhow, on this order, off flies little Hinton, and young Barton makes the master-move of the campaign by purloining his specs, thus making recognition by the short-sighted little coward impossible.

"'Now, boys, we'll follow him to the larder,' says Barton. 'To-night the miserable blighter shall bally well starve—or I don't look a Guy Fawkes,' says he. 'I swear it on this Clarkson of mine!'

"Sir, that larder was something to see! It was only too evident that Mr. Hinton had intended to do his Little Mary proud during his guv'nor's absence. There were a couple of brace of snipe, a brace of partridges, and a brace of the plumpest pheasants you could want to see—beautiful to feel they were. Barton chucked us each a bird to pluck, and inside a quarter of an hour you couldn't see that kitchen floor for feathers. . . . No; as you say, sir, we were not exactly experts at the game—the man who is usually the snow at the Drury Lane pantomime being about the most skilful.

"It was lovely! There was the fire in the great kitchen-range blazin' away—and poor little Hinton, perspirin' in every pore, was doin' the toast for the snipe—under pain of instant execution in case he as much as singed a corner a shade more than it should be.

"That job done, we chucked him the birds to clean—grisly job—and prepare for puttin' in the oven.

"Having been in a position—once—to afford these little luxuries for dinner, I knew the hang of cooking them. Barton commandeered some fat from somewhere to put on the top of the breasts of the pheasants and the partridges, and you may believe me, sir, that within a half-hour of our entry into the house our little slap-up supper was in the oven.

"In the meantime, Barton had nosed round the pantries, and had everything put on the table that the soldiers were setting very commendably for a lot of supers. Yes, everything, sir.

"By the time this was all attended to, it was necessary (according to a 'Mrs. Beeton,' that we found in the kitchen) to baste the birds. . . . and their gravy was something gorgeous to smell, sir—gorgeous! Many a man could not resist a sly spoonful, poor devils! But they didn't make bad basters. Even young Barton had to admit that it was done in style, when at last he and I, acting as a committee, pronounced the birds cooked to a turn.

"'Now,' he says to Hinton, 'you can consider yourself the—what you call it—butler. Yes, you are the butler,' he says. 'Bring on the viands. Quick!'

"Poor little Hinton did so at the double, settin' everything out as classy as could be. I'll give him one thing, sir. He was entirely versatile.

"Amid much ceremony, Barton finally took his seat at the head of the table, and little Hinton, standing by, waited to be invited to the feast.

"'You can go,' says Barton. 'Go!' says he.

"'But I haven't anything to eat. You gentlemen have cleared the larder,' says Hinton.

"'By heaven neither you have,' said Barton. 'Grafstein,' he says to me, 'give the man a nice cut—of dry bread, and a nice glass—of water, and conduct him to any cellar you like in the house.'

"'Any cellar, sir,' I repeated after him, like a German waiter. 'Thank you, sir.'

"'Any cellar but a wine or beer cellar,' young Barton amended. But he couldn't spare a last parting shot.

"'*We* can see to the boiling of the grog kettle,' said he.

"And we marched poor little Hinton forth . . . No, sir. I was not hard-hearted. I let him have a coat, a chair, a deal table and a candle, and chucked him Baden-Powell's book on Boy-scouting to read—just to cheer him up."

Mr. Fortescue sighed very deeply.

"No," he said, "with your kind permission I won't harrow my soul by going over any further details of that never-to-be-forgotten evening. We hadn't any wine, but hot beer in front of a blazing fire, after the repast, more than took its place—more than took its place. . . . I think someone softly unlocked the cellar flap before we left in the morning. I *think* so. . . . I say, landlord——"

"Yes, sir."

"You might make sure about that point when you see young Barton again, will you? . . . M—make sure . . ."

The stranger, seeing that the aged mummer was nodding—possibly dreaming of that good time again—left with the landlord the price of several drowners of sorrow, and departed.

A READING TIP.

Probably every reader of this little paragraph has read in bed at one time or another. Probably most of the readers have also had the experience of waking to find the candle burned to the socket and flaring up in a last effort to set the place on fire. Anyway it has happened to many of us.

There is always a danger that the reader will drop to sleep in his reading, and then he is at the mercy of the candle. An arm stretched out in sleep may knock it over, or it may burn down to the socket and ignite the match-box; and, indeed, there are dozens of things that may happen.

If you would avoid all danger of fire, even though you fall asleep without putting out the light, adopt this little plan.

When settling down to read take the candle from its socket, then stick it with a few drops of melted wax into the empty soap-dish.

If you wish to make doubly sure put about half an inch of water into the dish, so that the end of the candle stands in it. You can drop to sleep every night then in perfect safety, and in the morning you will find the candle burned to the water's edge and self-extinguished.

THE LOVE OF COMBAT.

The desire of a man to measure his strength with another man is instinctive.

The schoolboy who believes himself to be "cock of the walk" wastes no time in challenging to fight any new arrival whom he may consider likely to dispute his position.

The man who is building up a substantial business for himself is supported by this same instinctive love of combat. His antagonist here is not an individual, but a more or less abstract thing. He has to conquer, not one man, but all the difficulties and trials that have to be surmounted before success can be won.

In politics there is the same love of combat. Men who have plenty of money, and who do not need to fight for a living, go in for politics with the apparent purpose of attending to their country's interests, but in most cases the real reason is that they are "spoiling for a fight," and that they want to measure their strength with an opponent worthy of their steel.

The fighting instinct may be a primitive one, but it is certainly a masculine quality that calls for our admiration.

ON DOING A GOOD TURN TO A PAL.

MANY PITFALLS.

Few men have gone through life very far without realising, with something of a sigh and a shock of surprise, that there are many pitfalls to be avoided, even in doing a good turn to a pal.

This "good turn" has in it all the elements that may disrupt a lifelong friendship, nip a growing one in the bud, or sour a comradeship with all sorts of unpleasing ingredients.

By "good turn," in the present instance, is meant something more than the ordinary little assistances of an everyday kind that one man does almost unconsciously for his pal. What is indicated is rather one of those more important matters which have a considerable bearing on his position or future.

You may, for instance, go a long way round to secure by your influence a good position for him. You may, again, save him from some awkward position, financial or otherwise, or you may do any of a hundred and one actions on his behalf, and at your own inconvenience and expense, which may be of considerable use or benefit to him.

And having willingly done your best, and received his thanks, you will be very lucky—very lucky indeed—if you do not soon afterwards begin to be conscious of something that is not quite as it was before in your relations.

This is a circumstance that has spoiled many a friendship. It is an experience that is common to a large number of men, and it is because the cause of it is so subtle that it is so strangely interesting a problem.

One would think that, having sacrificed some time and trouble with the best of intentions for the sake of a pal, your friendship would grow. But as often as not it declines.

Why? Well, there are many reasons, none of which, singly or together, are wholly explanatory of the mystery.

In the first place, it is a characteristic of every man to be independent, and having once accepted the good offices of a friend, even though that friend quickly forgets his action. often leaves a secret rankling resentment in the heart.

This feeling on the part of the benefited friend may, not unnaturally, lead him to be less anxious to see quite as much as before of his benefactor. He does not make a point of meeting him so frequently. He spends fewer luncheon intervals with him, has fewer evenings in his digs.

It is strange and foolish, perhaps, that such things should be, but we have to take human nature as we find it, not as it ought to be. It is not yet quite perfect.

This "touchiness" on the part of the pal naturally has its secondary effect upon the man who did the good turn. He wonders why So-and-so has seldom been near him since that little episode.

He cannot see that in reality it is a fine spirit of independence, showing itself in characteristic British fashion, that keeps his friend away from him.

Nor is it to be wondered at if the sad word "ingratitude" now and then crosses his mind.

Having not the least intention of trading upon the fact that he helped his friend, he thinks that friend's conduct strange. And so when they do meet again, probably by accident, there is a strain to keep up the old spirit and appearance of friendship.

Neither, both being proud Englishmen, cares to unburden his heart to the other and to have it out. But the difference is there. The old heartiness and mutual understanding is clouded by something that wants to come out but cannot.

If only a flash of insight of the other man's point of view could be vouchsafed to each, the growing estrangement would be dissipated.

But such is not the way of the world, and it often happens that a "good turn" is the end of a friendship.

W. M. MAXWELL.

THE RETURN

WHEN THE WEEK-END HAS FLOWN.

Even if you are lucky enough to stretch your week-end from the evening train on Friday to the mid-morning train on Monday, you will still find that the call of business comes too soon for your liking.

When you shake the dust of town from your feet, say at six o'clock on Friday evening, and find yourself sitting in the train, impatient to be off, the prospect seems pleasant indeed.

Is there not "to-night" which you will spend indoors with your friends? A pleasant little dinner, under red-shaded lamps, an absence of the restraint, and "company manners" as I've heard them called; a chat round the log fire, as you sit in deep and inviting chairs, and then a late, or very early, "good-night," and sleep?

LOOKING FORWARD.

Is there not also to-morrow's prospect of long hours out of doors? Nine o'clock will find you at breakfast—such a breakfast!—with appetite whetted by the clear air that has come into your quiet room all night from two open windows. And then a whole day, an endless day it seems (from this end) before you.

What will you not do to-morrow?

Then Sunday, with its equal opportunities.

Then Monday, with its—but Monday is far, far off, as your train begins to move slowly out of the long and busy station into the gathering darkness, dotted with red, green, and white lights. Monday can safely leave Monday to take care of itself. It is too far off to be a source of interest.

* * * * * *

Even the maid's knock at your bedroom door in the morning has a businesslike tone. Dimly you realise as you wake and stretch that it is Monday morning. Alas!

Now all the freedom of your spirit has gone. Your thoughts are centred on an office somewhere in the City. Nothing appeals to you now but yesterday and the day before was the aim and end of your existence.

THE ROAD TO THE STATION.

And in no time you find yourself walking, steadily, silently, with a touch of hurry, even of worry, in your gait. To yourself you are marvelling at the lightning-like course of the hours that have passed since you were on this same road a week—but going in the opposite direction.

It is only now that you realise how time flies—now, if ever.

No matter how keen you are on your work, there is a sense of keen regret as you stride along the lane to the station, meeting perhaps only a couple of labourers or a wagon.

There is much to hold you here.

For one thing there is the promise of a ripping day. The sun is rising into a cloudless, pale sky, hardly blue yet, so far from summer, but still fresh, attractive, and inspiriting. What would you not give for one day more? You would (so you think) crowd ten times the pleasure into it that you found in the other two days.

IN THE TRAIN.

As a matter of fact, you couldn't. You would forget the hours until Tuesday morning, and then you would go through just the same process.

The fact is, however, that you are now on your way back to work and the City. How soon, you vaguely wonder, will the train dive into the smoke and hide the sun? You are still clinging to the idea of freedom, and cannot throw your mind just yet over to the idea of work once more.

The train is signalled as you arrive at the station, and you hurry forward, throwing a half-penny on the bookstall, and snatching a newspaper as you pass.

The spell of the free country begins to weaken.

In another half-minute you are stowing your bag on the rack, and then settling into a seat.

Unhappily it is not a corner seat, for you have

suddenly become aware that the carriage is fairly full.

ONE OF THE CROWD.

Each man is deep in a newspaper; each is smoking, each has a serious, businesslike expression. The spell is broken. In a second you swing round to the idea of the City and the work of the week. You might, in fact, be in your own local train.

The newspapers, the morning smoke, the scent of the tobacco, and the stolid expressions and uniform occupation of the other occupants of the train have driven the country out of your mind, almost out of your memory, and once again you are one of millions "on the way to the office."

R. J. BURTON.

SYMPATHY WITH CRIMINALS.

The writer recently had a chat with an inspector of police, whose duties are chiefly concerned with keeping the peace in the East-End of London.

"Of course with this Hounsditch business," he said, "the alien question is again coming into prominence. Aliens are swarming into this country, and, on the whole, they make our task much more difficult, although, when they happen to be Jews, they help us a great deal, for, whatever may be said against Jews, they are a law-abiding people, and we never have any difficulty in those quarters where the Jewish population predominates.

"The real difficulty that we have to face just now is the confidence that the criminal class has gained because of the sentimentality of the public. A notorious criminal nowadays is made almost a hero by the newspapers, and the newspapers are not to blame, because they would not print the things that they do if the public did not want them.

"I would not like to see a revival of the old-fashioned and cruel methods of punishing criminals, but it is surely possible to go too far in the other direction.

"Nowadays the criminal connected with a sensational case is almost pitied; jobs are offered to him at the end of his sentence, and so on. It is not a good thing, for the criminal community get to know of this, and men who would be deterred from crime by severer treatment do not hesitate to go in for it, because they think they will be treated well.

"First offenders should certainly be dealt with kindly, but the habitual criminal ought to be much more severely treated than he is at present. If that were the case we should have far fewer crimes to deal with."

MY FIRE.

WHY I HAVE A WHOLESOME RESPECT FOR IT.

Some people find in a fire merely a means of getting warm. They gather round it on chilly evenings for the sake of what they can get out of it in mere personal comfort and cheerfulness.

More often than not they sit opposite to it from habit, and treat it with unmerited indifference. They poke it, disturb it, smother it with coal it really does not require, and curse it when it gets indigestion and refuses to perform its proper function of burning brightly and warming the room, and their own toes in particular.

Yet others there are who merely sit before a fire and use it as a sort of aid to conversation. When interest flags, and when the other fellow begins to be a bore, it is the simplest thing in the world to drop into silence and regard the fire with seeing yet unseeing eyes.

Another set of people who regularly miss the true character of the fire in the grate are those who look into it in a simple and childish way and fancy they see things in it.

Flames, and coals—both live and still unburned—are made to assume all sorts of shapes. They become people, places, and a variety of other things.

Such fire-gazers have little real imagination. It does not, with them, get beyond the simple process of pretending that A is B, or that a flickering coal looks like the Brighton front in the height of the season.

Dream, long and often if you will, in front of the fire. It is a harmless and easy and comfortable affair, though not specially profitable or helpful in paying the rent. But in so doing you are insulting the fire if you think this is all it is useful for or capable of in the matter of moving your own feelings.

To me the fire expresses many more and more virile things than these. It is first of all supremely confident. Give it its first start, and see it take things into its own hands. Hour by hour it works its way entirely leisurely, but very surely, through all that is put upon it.

Nothing else in all Nature has such a distinct character as fire. It seems to belong to some other scheme of things than our own, yet content to exist even among mortals, to whom it is a boon and a blessing.

Fire alone can keep secrets; and romances, wipe out records, good, bad, and of all shades, between these two extremes.

Watch it deal surely, confidently, greedily, and even cruelly with the letters which you are going to destroy.

For the last time you read the letters. They may wake the most horrible, or the most beautiful thoughts and memories within you. Then, having read them, you put them one by one on the fire.

For a second or two the fire is indifferent. Then it is moved to swift and certain action.

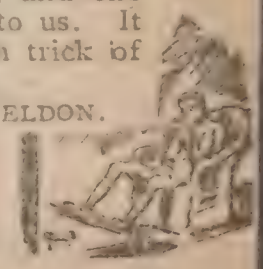
The letter gives a curl and a wriggle, a hot brown shade comes over it, and with a puff the flames burst round it. Now it is too late to think of rescue. Whatever it was—love-letter, record of sacrifice, disgrace, crime, regret—it is beyond the resources of the whole world. It has absorbed your secret and nothing can drag it out to daylight again.

The fire needs, and expects, no thanks for this service.

It is akin to forces that man seldom recognises. Somebody who tried to endow it with finite human qualities said it was a good servant but a bad master. It is neither.

Consciously it will neither serve nor disserve us. It is just fire, a mystery, and one that holds fast the secrets confided to us. It is the world's antidote to the foolish trick of mankind of putting things on paper.

D. R. WELDON.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE MAN WHO ONLY SMILED

By R. D. CROMBIE.

Soon after eight o'clock a taxi-cab drew up outside the London residence of Sheldon Magnus, the great City financier, and a woman got out of it, paid the driver, and hurriedly crossed the pavement to the steps leading to the front door of the house.

She was fashionably dressed, closely veiled, and apparently in a state of agitation.

Pressing the bell she had to wait some time before the summons was answered, and in that interval a newsboy's bell-like call resounded down the street, coming nearer and momently growing louder.

"Collapse o' the Warrior Trust! Sheldon Magnus mobbed on the Stock Exchange! *Spesh*-A-L!

"Speshal edish-a-n!"

So he went by, intoning news that was spreading through London like wildfire.

At length the door opened and the butler appeared, his mask of immobility suffering a temporary transience to surprise on perceiving who the visitor was.

He got his hand to his mouth to smother a cough.

"My husband. Mr. Magnus. Is he at home?" asked the woman rapidly.

"Yes, ma'am, he is at home."

"Alone?"

"Yes, ma'am."

She gathered up her skirts and impulsively entered the hall.

"He has dined?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where is he now?"

"In his study. Shall I inform him?——"

"No," she interrupted as he was moving away. "I will go myself."

She knew—and the butler knew—that he might refuse to see her.

She stood uncertain for a moment.

"How is he?" she asked. She had not seen him for a year and a half.

"Quite well, ma'am."

"Not distressed—by this trouble?"

"He came home smiling, ma'am."

"Ah."

That smile of his, with which he met failure or success, scandal or public acclamation!

"You can leave me," she said, recovering some show of control. "And, please don't mention that I am here to the servants below."

"Very good, ma'am."

He went away with soft tread, leaving an impression of subtle familiarity, as of one who understood and made all allowances.

Once again she revealed hesitation, pushing back her veil and gazing at the closed study door, which was at the end of a short passage, and slowly clenching her hands at the thought of what her reception might be.

"I must," she said, under her breath. "If he only understands, he will forgive me. And then, perhaps——"

Her reflections brought a light to her eyes and a semblance of happiness to her lips. She was still a good-looking woman, though the effect was not wholly Nature's.

She softly approached the study door and pushed it ajar.

Sheldon Magnus was seated in the light of the fire, an elbow on the arm of his chair, a hand supporting his massive, square chin. The shaggy hair was grey, the head leonine. She could see the rugged line of his jaw even in the insufficient light, and the deeply-cleft chin, and the thick dark eyebrows, with their upward sardonic twist at the outer corners. But his facial expression eluded her.

She closed the door behind her, taking a deep breath. Her heart was thumping painfully.

"Sheldon," she said.

He did not answer, and she judged for the moment that he was asleep.

She moved forward, reached the tiger-skin hearthrug, and then stopped with a slight gasp.

He was looking full at her—and smiling.

All her hopes, as it seemed to her, folded up their wings at that instant and swooped downwards into darkness. It was the smile that she had known of old—the smile with which, eighteen months before, he had listened to her confession of faithlessness and her determination to leave him, and allowed her to go forth, out of his life, without speaking a word.

No word. Only a smile. And he had not even troubled to divorce her.

She fought for steadiness. At least she would not go without telling him why she had come.

"I—I am glad to see you again, Sheldon," she said. "I want you to be patient with me for a few minutes. . . . if you will."

She sat down opposite, leaning forward with hands tightly locked on her lap, and began tensely before he could interrupt.

"An hour ago I was sitting in my flat when I heard a newsboy shouting outside—shouting words that frightened me. They told me what I had long expected to hear and yet never believed would happen. It was like a dream coming true.

"You have always been so strong and invincible that in the daytime I have laughed at my fears. But at night, in the stillness and the dark, they have lived with me, whispering always 'He will fall, he will fall.'

"To-night that voice outside was like the voice of prophecy. It seemed to be taken up and cast forth into a listening world, and thundered back, resonant, angry, and terrible. In it were the sobs of children, the moans of weeping women, and the savage cries of men who have been foully wronged. It drove the blood from my heart."

She waited for him to speak, but he only smiled.

"I saw you," she went on, "the object of universal execration, the target of all men's scorn. You were fleeing before the storm, smiling no longer, but cringing, grey-lipped, and panic-stricken. In the end you turned, and cowered, your head down, your hands pressed madly to your forehead. And at last you fell face forward, grovelling in the dust, and your screams for mercy were abominable.

"Men turned away, disdaining to wreak vengeance on such a pitiful thing; and one that did touch you, spat on his hand and wiped it fiercely on his sleeve.

"So you fell, for all your smiles, Sheldon.

"You may wonder," she went on, "why it should matter to me. I left you deliberately. I did it, indeed, with relief. For long a desperate instinct had been urging me to escape from you while there was yet a remnant of good in me, for you were crushing it all out, and there is no worse degradation than having one's soul murdered while one is still alive.

"But I found very soon that I had acted too late. You had made your mark on me. I was branded. And so I went from bad to worse, trying to efface the memory of you; and I could not. And that is why I have come back, Sheldon. I ask you what you are going to do about *me*. For if old scores are to be settled let mine be the first, and I will stand by you while you face the rest.

"Sheldon! . . ."

Her voice ended in a low-toned appeal. She searched his face, endeavouring to read in it some sign of relenting. But with shadow and glow passing over it alternately all she saw was that gentle relaxation of the full, unscrupulous lips, the smile which was more cruel than any frown. And he refused to speak or to do aught but look at her.

"Can't you *understand?*" she went on. "It is your last chance I am offering you—and the last chance for myself. This collapse of the Warrior Trust is the beginning of the end. You were turned on by your friends this afternoon. To-morrow the whole country will turn on you. And you will stand alone—unless I am with you to help you. Can't you see it is our chance to atone? You can give back all you have hidden away. . . .

"Ah, Sheldon, you still smile. I know that is what you have in your heart. You think to enjoy it all, after the storm has subsided. You will not, Sheldon. I warn you. That vision of mine was a true vision. You will not escape. . . .

"Why do you look at me as though I were seeking my own ends? Did I come back to seek forgiveness when you were in your pride and power? It is because I believe that in every man's heart there must be capacity for good. . . . that I ask you to do this one good thing at the last and save yourself—and through yourself. . . . Give up all you have. Empty yourself of every thing, and then let us go away together . . . you and I, Sheldon.

"It is out now. You know that I love you; and love you only because there is nothing else left.

"How your smile seems to mock the wisdom of the world! How cruel it is, and devilish! How you hate all you have ever done, and hate still more what you ought to have done. You are a monumental gibe, Sheldon. A colossal sneer. And you might have been——

"*Ah God, what's that?*"

There was a sharp rat-tat on the door, terrifying in its portent.

She stood up, turning with dilated eyes. Two men in uniform entered. One held a paper in his hands.

He read something from it in a formal voice. Sheldon Magnus only smiled.

The officer stepped forward, touching him on the arm. He bent and looked sharply into his face. Sheldon Magnus smiled back his gentle, cruel, triumphant smile.

He was dead.

He had been dead, by poison self-administered, two hours.

WAYFARING TIME

WHEN THE OPEN ROAD AND SPRING BEGIN TO BECKON.

All through the winter months we have, perhaps with sufficient excuse, seldom wandered far from the neighbourhood of the house. A tour round the home fields with the gun, a day hunting the rats in the farmer's rickyard, and perhaps a seven or eight mile walk in a circle, have been the limit of our excursions. There has been, in truth, every inducement to stay near shelter, warmth, and comfort, for the winds have been strong and the rains incessant for long spells.

Only at intervals have we heard, and then in short snatches, the song of the open road. But time has moved apace and a change is in the air. Not that the wind blows less frequently or less boisterously. Not that the rain comes less lashing across the tree-tops less savagely. These things still go on; but there is a change in the very atmosphere in which it all happens.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

Throughout the winter the distant hill country has been mostly wrapped in thick dark-grey mist. They have been uninviting and even repellent. They have passed out of the everyday thoughts of the open as we strolled round about the house. They did not attract.

Now there comes a very distinct call from their clearer outlines. A greener, more detailed view of their gentle slopes is possible. The air is clearer, and on days when rain is "about," as we say, rather than falling from dim clouds, the hills seem to come half-way to meet us.

They tempt us with clearer views of the patchwork of fields just on their lower edge; and with these we can trace out the alternative routes up to the beacon or that ancient camp.

THE UNFATHOMED BLUE.

Further away in other directions we recognise again the alluring blueness of distance. Though we could walk blindfold to almost every visible point around us, this blueness of mystery and half-hidden places inspires with a desire to be up and away, walking towards it.

Though it recede as we walk, yet we love to follow the fascinating blueness. There is in it a constant sort of a promise of great discoveries for all who reach its heart and centre.

Now maps begin to have a different interest from that which we have found in them through winter. In long, cold, silent nights of splitting frost we have pored over the map spread on a table just beneath the big red-shaded lamp.

We have tramped, pencil in hand, by hill and dale in imagination, satisfied to do so thus. We have stepped at a bound across a county in our comfortable chair.

THE CALL TO THE OPEN.

Yesterday this stay-at-home travel lost its fascination. We could see the disused ruin of a windmill, hoisted up on a sort of tripod of supports, away on a ledge of the downs, and our desires could no longer be satisfied by—just looking at a map.

For the road is again calling loudly, and in the end there is life; we can feel the spell of the distant view, and yearn to be out and away.

We picture ourselves once again, with a shilling or two in our pockets and a bright light in our bicycle lamps, dismounting in some village in a fold of hills, and seeking the humblest fare and a bed to lie and rest in till morning.

"For all men come to sleep at last,
As all roads to the sea."

The sounds of homely people moving about below in the early dawn shall soon give us joy as we lie and listen.

Our days shall be without thought of a plan to cramp our wayfaring into miles and restrict our stopping-places.

AT THE CROSS-ROADS.

Through endless lanes we shall take our way, lingering at cross-roads, perhaps, to change our course at the bidding of some sign-post bearing an alluring name on its stark white arm. Even for a restful name we would alter a whole day's journey, and think the change well made.

These and a thousand other pleasures we shall have now that the call of the road has reached us again. We shall forget "the pent, unhappy hours," and shall refresh our eyes and live freely as we mount the white tracks of the downs.

We shall be victims if you like, but willing victims, to

"The song that all wayfaring men
Shall hear until they die."

M. BRUCE.

HOW TO ESCAPE FROM CLUB TYRANNY.

SPORT WITHOUT FORMALITY.

The present is especially the time of year when that fascinating proceeding known as forming a club is in full swing.

The clubbing instinct is strong in most men, and especially so among sporting men. It is only natural that they should desire to spend their sporting hours together rather than alone.

To achieve this end, however, it is not at all necessary to make a tremendous dust over the preliminary arrangements; and I would here utter a warning against that pitfall, besetting the path of all club-makers, called by the name of "Rules."

In nine clubs out of ten of the kind that I have in mind there is really no need for any rules at all.

A certain number of men want to spend the mid-week half-holiday together. The same spirit animates perhaps two dozen fellows in a provincial town. All that they need in order to constitute them as a club is the energy to get up and out and enjoy themselves.

If their tastes lie in the direction of cycling, let them agree to meet at a certain spot at a certain time, and get away.

No meeting of ponderous committees is necessary in order that twenty young fellows shall decide to go for a thirty-eight mile ride on Saturday afternoon.

The same thing applies to all other sports. The main object is to get at it rather than waste time talking about it and making rules for the conduct of the "club," which, after all, only exists in the common will of the members to carry out a project mutually approved.

Neither rules, nor premises, nor subscriptions should be necessary to keep a body of active, keen, young sportsmen together for six months of the year.

By avoiding anything like fixed rules that members are ever in fear of transgressing, the club will be held together by far stronger bonds. The only bond, indeed, that can hold any number of men together is this united good will.

The young sportsman, therefore, who is not blessed with an abundance of spare cash can avoid many of the expenses of the usual club, by simply foregathering with kindred spirits and enjoying his special brand of sport.

The broken changeable weather of early spring is an attractive time of year for out-door life. The very changeableness of the weather gives an extra interest; and whether one is enjoying the rare spells of calm, cool, fragrant sunshine, or dodging the heavy rains when out on the hills the pleasure is always great, provided that a man is suitably equipped.

With a social club where a club-room or club-house is required, the case is different. A committee of management becomes necessary, and at least a few rules.

Both the number of the rules, however, and the committee should be kept as small as possible, and the more the management is left to the secretary—provided he is the right sort—the greater will the success of the club be.

H. M. BROWN.

"TREAT YOUR NERVES AS WELL AS YOUR COMPLAINT." —Dr. Birley.

The strength and tone of the *nerves* plays a great and important part in the speedy and permanent removal of most of the common and everyday ailments.

The special form of Phosphorus introduced by Dr. Samuel Birley, M.D., now so well known and established as being *the most* reliable and certain method of administering this valuable brain and nerve-feeding element is, in the following compounds, combined with those remedial agents and medicaments known and proved to be the best for the complaints they are intended to cure.

By these valuable compounds the whole body is strengthened and toned up *at the same time* as the complaint itself is being attacked.

Especially also is this method valuable when the trouble has become chronic.

The results are always far and away superior and more permanent than when the ailment is treated separately.

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A vitalising Food for all Brain and Nervous Affections from whatever cause—worry, late hours, overwork, &c., and for Hysteria, Vitus' Dance, Headache, Sleeplessness, &c. A sustaining and life-giving element. Of especial benefit to professional men:—Clergymen, Solicitors, Barristers, Literary Men, Schoolmasters, and all engaged in mental occupations of either sex.

DR. BIRLEY'S "IRONISED."—Special Remedy for Muscular Debility, Heart Weakness, Paralysis, Rupture, Sciatica, Lumbago, Scrofula, Obesity, Dropsy, and General Debility. Of great value, also, as a restorative after an attack of "Influenza," or any debilitating illness.

DR. BIRLEY'S "SUB-IRONISED."—Especially prepared for ladies and delicate persons suffering from the above instead of the "Ironised"; and for Bright's Disease, Mumps, Varicose Veins, and when below par. For General Debility, Anæmia, or Poorness of Blood and Lack of Colour, Maternity Weakness. Of especial value also for "backward" children.

DR. BIRLEY'S "BRONCHIAL."—Special Remedy for Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Quinsy, Congestion of the Lungs, Diphtheria, and Throat Affections generally.

DR. BIRLEY'S "GASTRIC."—Special Remedy for Indigestion, Liver Complaints, Loss of Appetite, &c.

DR. BIRLEY'S "ANTI-RHEUMATIC."—Special Remedy for every form of Rheumatism and Gout (in some cases the "Ironised" or "Sub-Ironised" will aid the action of this preparation when taken on alternate days with it).

DR. BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS COMPOUNDS.

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3, 9, and 16oz., 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6, all kinds,

and sold by all Chemists and Drug Stores, and by Boots', Taylors', Parke's, Lewis and Burrows', Timothy White's, &c., or post paid from GORDON MURRAY & CO., Ltd., 10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C.

BUDS AND BIRDS.

A TIMELY WORD TO ALL GARDENERS.

Many a gardener is apt to forget that the damage to his garden is done long before it begins to be apparent.

In speaking of gardeners I mean those who cultivate plots of earth, however small, for the sake of the joy of seeing things grow, and for the love of the earth. The experts, of course, need no telling.

There is a too prevalent habit of leaving the garden to take care of itself after the early planting has been carried out. The beds are set and the place looks so spick and span, that it would seem that nothing more need be done for the safety and success of all that is in it.

The greatest enemy that the gardener has to contend with during these very early weeks of spring is the bird. Now there are birds and birds, so far as their garden-spoiling propensities are concerned.

The whole ornithological world is in doubt and at variance as to what real damage birds do.

But it is nevertheless a fact that most of our small resident birds do at certain times make raids into the garden for purposes other than the destruction of objectionable insects.

These, of course, many birds destroy in large quantities, but gardens are not the only places where they happen to thrive. Every tree in every wood is a sort of host for innumerable sorts of insect life upon which birds feed.

But there are equally succulent things in gardens—such as the buds of currant, gooseberry, raspberry, and other bushes, and the tender shoots of all fruit trees.

The varieties of tomtits, sparrows, some finches, including the bullfinch, that handsomest of small birds, are notorious destroyers of tender buds.

Experiments have shown that some of these birds attack buds that are already spoiled by insects, but it is also certain that they attack the healthy, whole, fruitful bud. And of the two the majority appear to prefer the undamaged bud.

I have watched the bullfinch come into a garden in a sort of indifferent way, as if he really didn't care whether he were there or not. He then sidled up to my best currant bushes and casually wrenched off buds one after the other.

There is always a danger that the humane and interesting practice of feeding the birds regularly in the cold weather will have the effect of keeping them all the year round in the neighbourhood of the garden.

Much can be done to keep birds off trees, new plants, and all tender growing things by means of cotton. The exhibition of old hats, scraps of paper, flapping rags, and other devices does not, in my opinion, keep them away. Birds soon get to know that these are harmless.

What they dislike and fear intensely is the practically invisible cotton. Nothing so disturbs a bird's confidence as to find its wing or claw unexpectedly tangled up in a piece of cotton that it had not seen.

All its instincts of self-preservation, fear, and desire for escape rise at once, and away it goes if it can get clear.

The cotton should be stretched crosswise and plentifully over the bushes and beds.

Tie one end of a new reel of black cotton firmly to a bush, and then lead the thread away (the reel revolving in your hand as you go) and hitch the cotton to every tip and thorn.

This makes a fairly good network which is sure to catch the claw of some bird and upset its confidence.

C. B. STAINER.

MY NOTEBOOK.

THANKS ONCE MORE. Once again I must devote a small space, in these my own personal columns, to thank the many friends who have sent me their congratulations and good wishes.

I have done my best to answer them personally, but I am sorry to have to admit that, owing to the vast number I have received, it has been impossible for me to answer all these congratulatory letters, and I trust that the writers of them will not accuse me of discourtesy, for I am sure that they will understand the reason.

The work of answering the letters which I receive each day is always difficult, but at the present moment it has become so heavy that I have not been able to cope with it. I could, of course, adopt the plan followed in other editorial offices, and get one of my assistants to answer these letters, but I have not built up this business on lines of that sort, and when a letter bears my signature it is a letter from me and not from someone else.

Our daily post has been larger than ever before, and my task in dealing with it has been made very difficult by the fact that my time has recently been much occupied in other directions.

I hope to be able, in due course, to acknowledge the kind wishes of all my friends, but I feel that I ought to apologise to them for the delay.

INFORMATION. I must thank particularly those readers who have sent me valuable information.

Many of them have enclosed documents of great importance. For these I hold myself personally responsible. Documents of this description I am ready to return at any time that their owners may specify, and I also take special precautions against their destruction by fire or their loss by burglary.

EMIGRATING. This week I have received an exceptional number of letters from readers who contemplate emigrating to one or other of our Colonies. I gather that the majority of these correspondents write to me because of certain remarks made by Mr. Young on our business page.

Some of the writers are obviously men who would do well in the Colonies. They are men prepared to fight their way, and men equipped with a certain amount of useful knowledge in some particular trade.

On the other hand, I am sorry to say that I have also received many letters of a different kind. Their writers appear to be under the impression that the Government of this country, and the Colonial Governments, ought to set them on their feet, and ought to make everything smooth and easy for them.

Our Colonial Governments have done much in the way of assisted passages, but neither they nor anybody else can ensure success to the intending emigrant.

I am glad to say that amongst my personal friends I number many Colonials.

They have assured me that the Colonies offer special opportunities to the man who is crowded out in this country, and some of them have gone so far as to say that any man can succeed in Canada, South Africa, or Australia.

I do not think that it is so, for the letters I have received have shown me that, though emigration may be an excellent thing for one man, it brings only disappointment to another.

The man who is willing to rough it, who is willing to take any job that may offer, is very likely to succeed in our Colonies, but the man who expects the Colonial authorities or anybody else to set him on his feet, and to make everything easy for him, is bound to be disappointed, and I strongly advise him to stay at home.

I receive many inquiries from men in various trades as to whether there are openings for them in certain Colonies. It would be impossible for me to keep in accurate touch with the Colonial labour market unless I devoted my whole time to that, and when I receive such inquiries it is my practice to refer the correspondents to the Emigrants' Information Bureau, 31, The Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W. From that official source they can obtain all available information.

SHARES. The application form for shares in THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., appears on page 16. If you have not applied for any, do so now.

MODERN MAN CLUB MEMBERS. As you will see from the Club News appearing in another column, THE MODERN MAN Clubs throughout the country are going very strong.

I ask all readers in the cities and towns where there are MODERN MAN Clubs to give every support to those who are responsible for organising them.

The gentlemen organising these clubs are doing so entirely without payment. They are not in any way connected with this company, and they give their time gratuitously, because they believe that the movement is a good one, and that the clubs are likely to be useful.

Their task is not light, and I trust that all readers in the various localities where there are clubs will give the organisers and secretaries of these clubs every possible assistance.

GOOD COMPANY. I am, of course, in constant communication with the secretaries of the various MODERN MAN Clubs, but I also receive many letters from members of these clubs, and from readers who have paid a casual visit to them.

There is one thing that particularly gives me pleasure, and that is the fact that so many readers, after visiting THE MODERN MAN Clubs, have written to me saying that they did not think it possible that so many fine chaps could be brought together.

To quote from one letter:

"I used to think that our Squadron had about as fine a number of men as could be brought together, though there were some of it that I did not like; but on visiting THE MODERN MAN Club in our town, I must admit that the Squadron will have to give way to them in this respect, for at the club there was not one chap present whom I would not have been delighted to have as my own special and particular friend."

Many readers have been good enough to call on me, and I may say that it has always been a pleasure to me to meet them.

By modelling the paper on the lines I have done—that is, by being rather definite regarding the opinions expressed, and not attempting to pander to popularity—I have, if I may use the expression, weeded out the undesirable readers, those who have picked up the paper casually, and who have disagreed with the tone of it, having dropped out.

I am glad that it is so, for the fact that a man is a reader of this paper has now become a sort of testimonial as to his particular type of character.

Possibly I am vain in saying that I believe that the readers of this paper are the finest men in the country, but that is my belief.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

THE KEEPER'S HOLIDAY.

AN INTERVAL FOR PLEASURE WHEN THE GUNS HAVE GONE.

It is entirely wrong to suppose that the keeper's life is an easy one except during the time that actual shooting is in progress. The impression that all he has to do is to wait till the birds are hatched and then to arrest poachers is, perhaps, not as rare as might be supposed. In truth he has a hard all-the-year-round job, and can seldom go away from his covers and his cottage for any length of time.

But there is just now a period of slackness for him. The shooting, for another year, is over. The sound of the gun is heard no longer along the wood side, and no armies of beaters are met with on the road, crossing from one plantation to another.

For good or ill the season is gone. Birds have been plentiful, scarce, or of an average in number, accounts have been settled up, and the sportsmen can only talk over the recent past.

The keeper has received his tips—let us hope they were well up to the average—and he, too, has in a way set his house in order after a very busy and exacting season.

It may possibly be that he is giving up his position "to better himself," or his employer is selling the estate and the keeper will not be required. It may also happen that he is doing neither of these things, but is remaining on in the same service, his knowledge and experience appreciated by his employer. In which case he is happy.

But in any case, just now he is taking a rest. His pockets are as full as they will ever be at any time of the year, and he has probably given "the missus" a crisp five-pound note or two to be carefully stowed away in the bag at the bottom of the trunk which lies year in, year out under the big bed upstairs.

"Now for a little enjoyment," the keeper thinks, and with every reason. He has lived such a solitary life for so many months that a little diversion is desirable.

When the low-ceiled room at the inn is crowded with the rest of the villagers he has had the stars for a roof, and while the gossip and the ale alike have flowed he has been quietly watching in the woods or going his rounds along the dark green drives.

His turn has now come, and with a pleasant feeling of relief from responsibility he has put on broadcloth, taken out his wooden pipe and his leather purse-pouch well filled with his favourite weed, and is ready for the town.

There, if you have learned to tell a man's life by his gait, his clothes, and his face, you will be able to distinguish him without difficulty or doubt as he walks among the crowds. There is a rich earthly glow and slowness of movement that shows him to be from the country. He is not afraid of being himself. That is to say he is quite unconventional; says what he thinks, asks for information when in doubt, and generally impresses one with his personality, which is so unlike the stereotyped crowds around him.

Now and then you catch a broad, rich phrase in the open, drawling dialect of the parts he comes from, and if these things are precious to you, you will, without letting him know it, linger near in the hope of hearing more.

Often you will meet him with a long narrow gun-case in one hand, or a gun in a canvas cover. He is seeking out the gunsmith and is having his guns overhauled after the hard work of the season.

Having executed this commission his work is over, and he is free to enjoy himself. There are few shows he will miss. Picture palaces, perhaps a music hall or a theatre, a good dinner, and a quiet but enjoyable stroll round will complete his day, and he will return home "mellow."

None will be found to criticise him, for of all men he has perhaps fewest opportunities for a little jollity.

F. WHARTON.

BREAKING HER IN.

He took her out for a drive, but they had a tiff, and neither would speak.

The horse jogged along as if he knew nothing about it.

The young man devoted all his attention to the reins, and the young woman, using the last resource of feminine strategy, began to weep.

"Nobody loves me," she sobbed, "and my hands are *awfully* cold."

"That's not true," said the young man. "God loves you, and you can sit on your hands."

NEWS.

The old butler entered his master's study.

"There's two pieces of bad news for you this morning, Sir John," he began.

"What are they?"

"Poor Mr. Jones, at the Hall, has been and gone and hung hisself in the night; an' that's not the worst of it, neither. Bates tells me that there fox has been and gone an' killed twenty of them young pheasants."

AN EXPLANATION.

"What do you think makes the sea salt?" was a question put to a school class.

For a moment they were done. At last a brilliant idea struck a boy.

"Please, sir, the herrings."

LUCK.

"Was your husband lucky during the last race meeting?"

"Yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins; "he sprained his ankle and couldn't attend."

ONE LESS.

"How many Commandments are there?" asked the teacher.

"Nine," replied the little boy.

"You make me tired," said the teacher. "I've told you a dozen times that there are ten."

"Yes," said the little boy, "there *were*, but mother broke one of them last week. I heard her say so to Mrs. Smith."

NOTHING COMMERCIAL.

"Ay," said the Scotch farmer, "ay."

"Och, ay," said the other.

"Ay," said the first. "It's a fine day, though the Sabbath's no a day to be speakin' about fine days."

"Ay," said the second.

"I was wonderin'," said the first, "how much you would want for that sheep."

"Fifty shillin's," said the second.

"Done," said the first, "but, Sandy, man, I'm surprised at you doin' business on the Sabbath."

"It's not business," said the second. "Sellin' a sheep like that for fifty shillin's is pure charity."

YANKEE.

"Will your honour please charge the jury?" asked an Arkansas lawyer at the conclusion of a horse-thief trial.

"I will," replied his honour. "The Court charges each juryman one dollar for drinks and six dollars extra for the one who used the Court's hat as a spittoon during the first day of the sessions."

CONJURING.

12 mysterious novelties, complete, 7d., post free. Vandy's new wonder box, 1s. 3d., post free. Catalogue included.

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A Tobacco Discovery

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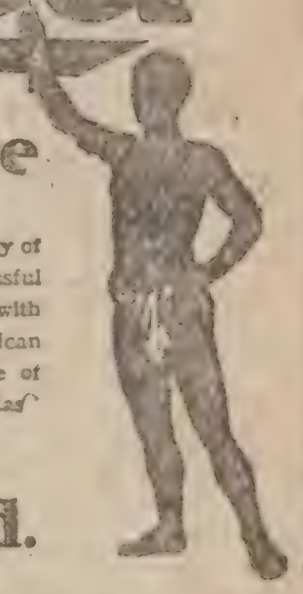

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Unlike all other tobacco—possesses an individuality of its own. To British taste, it is the first really successful tobacco grown in Africa. It must not be confused with Boer or other Tobaccos. Equal to the best American growths, yet at a moderate price. A cool smoke of pleasing aromatic flavour that burns free to the last. Try it To-day. You will be delighted

Price 5d. per oz. Cartridges, 5½d.

NYASA MIXTURE can also be obtained extra coarse cut, "Scotch Blend," at the same price.

NYASA CIGARETTES. 10 for 3d.

If you are unable to obtain Hill's "NYASA" send a postcard to the sole makers, R. & J. HILL, Ltd., 175, Shoreditch, E., who will supply List of Agents and Free Testing Samples if desired.

S. A. P.

Rapid Physical Development

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

"PIGEON CHESTS."

A reader in the North asks me if I can suggest any effective cure for a "pigeon chest."

I am sorry to say that when once a man is past the growing age there is not much hope of a real cure, for if the chest is really pigeon-shaped—that is to say, coming to a point in front—the trouble is due to the conformation of the ribs, and a man can hardly hope to alter the shape of his bones when once they have assumed their natural permanent shape.

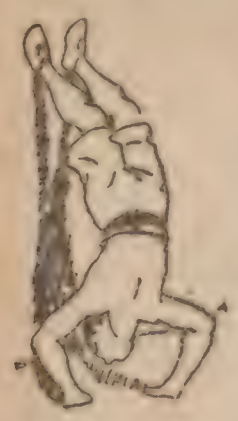
All that can be done is to develop the muscles of the chest as much as possible, and to strengthen it so as to counteract the slight deformity.

Deep breathing and all lung exercises will prove most useful, and all exercises for the development of the chest muscles should be practised as much as possible.

A GYMNASTIC EXERCISE.

This exercise is not one to be recommended to beginners in physical culture, but is by no means difficult, and is an excellent developer for the extensor muscles of the arms and for the deltoid muscle of the back.

The position shown may be reached by any method preferred, provided it lands you with your hands on the floor and your feet against the wall.



A test for the arms.

The simplest way is to stand facing the wall and a short distance from it, to place the hands on the floor about a yard from the wall, and, without bending the arms, to throw the legs up and over as if you were going to turn a somersault.

A practised gymnast can, of course, achieve this "long-arm balance," as it is called, without difficulty and without a wall to fetch up against; but the novice may find the wall useful to prevent his going right over and collapsing.

Also, it will help him to maintain his balance while the exercise is performed.

This consists simply of lowering and raising the body by bending and extending the arms.

This should be done several times until the muscles feel tired.

The body and legs should be well curved, so that the feet are sufficiently low down on the wall to avoid the necessity for shifting them as the arms are bent.

COMPETITION IN PHYSICAL CULTURE.

As I mentioned last week, a great physical culture display on a competitive basis is one of the proposals for the coming Festival of Empire.

This is undoubtedly a step in the right direction, for competition is essential to the spreading of interest in physical culture.

Physical culture can hardly be considered as a sport in itself, for it is something more. But take any ordinary sport you like to name and where would it be if you eliminated the competitive element?

Even the sports that a man can indulge in by himself, such as running, swimming, and so on, depend on this for their popularity. The athlete wants to match his strength and skill against that of others, and there is no reason why the physical culturist should not have the opportunity to do so.

Competition in squads at organised displays is an excellent way of introducing this spirit of rivalry into the pursuit of strength and health. But even the man who does not belong to a club can turn it to account by getting a friend of about the same physique to join with him and go through the same course of exercises.

Records can be kept and notes compared at intervals, so that the progress in development made by each rival can be compared.

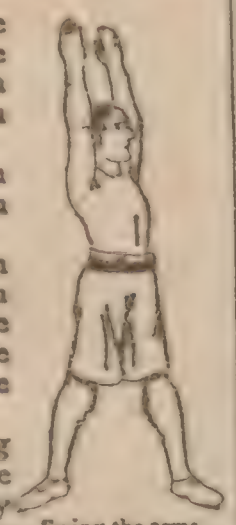
In this way the interest of both is sustained, and what might otherwise be regarded as a rather dull set of exercises becomes a means not only to the desirable end of physical fitness, but to the surpassing of your friend and rival.

FOR THE SIDE MUSCLES.

Stand at attention with the hands by the sides, and plant the feet about eighteen inches apart.

The hands should be open and the fingers extended.

Now swing the arms up above the head to the left, at the same time twisting the body round from the waist upwards until you are in the position shown in the sketch.



Swing the arms smartly round.

Pause a moment here, and then swing the arms smartly down again.

But instead of returning them to the sides, swing them across in front of the body and up to the corresponding position above the head on the other side, turning the body to the right as you do so.

Continue the exercise, swinging alternately from one side to the other about a dozen times, only pausing when the arms are in the vertical position above the head and not dropping them to the sides.

The exercise will develop principally the lateral or side muscles, but will also affect most of the trunk muscles and those of the arms.

Keep the legs steady, and let the only movement be above the waist.

THE PURE WATER CRANK.

I was lunching with two friends in a London restaurant a day or two ago, and as no table was vacant, we took the three remaining places at a table occupied by an old gentleman who, I observed, was drinking tea with his lunch.

We were discussing the fear that almost every man feels when he is compelled to undergo a surgical operation, and one of my friends admitted himself a coward in this respect.

"You call yourself a coward," broke in the old gentleman, who did not appear even to have been listening, "and yet you drink London water!"

Then the old man started off on a long tirade against the dangers of any water that was not boiled, and explained how he owed his immunity from illness to never touching unboiled water, "even in whisky."

No one denies that ordinary water contains certain microbes, but if ordinary precautions are taken not to drink from a polluted source, the healthy body is capable of dealing with them. If the system is in a low state, of course, distilled water is preferable.

There is no reason why these old gentlemen should not take their microbes dead rather than alive if they prefer it, but their point of view seems to me similar to that of the man who will not go out for fear of getting run over by a motor-bus.

Boxing, Ju-jitsu, Wrestling, Weight-Lifting

and exercises for health, strength, and development taught privately, in classes, and Junior Sporting Club. Very moderate terms. Tuition by post a speciality. Pair Boxing Gloves and postal lessons, 10s. Sweaters (wool) from 3s. 6d. Punch Balls from 6s. 3d. Other sporting outfits, &c., at equally low prices. Illustrated Book on Ju-jitsu and particulars for two penny stamps from

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PHYSICAL CULTURE and LIFE INSURANCE.

It is to-day accepted as the proper thing to effect an insurance on one's life. The regular method of doing this, as we all know, is to take out a policy whereby no benefit accrues until one dies. It has always seemed to me, and I am surprised no one has mooted the idea before, that the best possible life insurance is by means of Physical Culture.

There are no heavy quarterly premiums to pay for the rest of your life, and by this way of insuring you not only insure longer life but better health. You are insuring that you will attend business more regularly and work the harder, and that with less effort. Apart from the above, to those thinking of effecting an ordinary insurance, I will guarantee to so condition you that you will pass with ease as a first-class life.

Write for my free booklet, "HEALTH AT HOME," which I will forward by return mail, free and post paid.

DO IT NOW!

THOMAS INCH,

Physical Culture Expert,

Dept. M.M., Munster House,

678 & 678a, Fulham Road, Fulham, London, S.W.

Why don't you get a Better Job?

An article of far-reaching importance to all who are engaged in business. Useful alike to the Clerk, the Salesman, the Traveller, the Manager, or the Proprietor of any Business, large or small.

Put this question to a dozen of your friends and see what their answers are. See how many of them will have to admit it is because they cannot, or because they do not dare to try. See how few of them can say it is because they are quite satisfied where they are.

Make it still more personal. Put the question to yourself. Why don't you get a better position—one with more salary, one with greater prospects, or one with more interesting work? Why are you content to stop on where you are, doing the same uncongenial work, affording no real scope for your talents, your power of initiative, or your enterprise. Is it not because there is too much competition—too many other men, that is, with qualifications just as good as yours, and because you have never had the chance of improving those qualifications.

How to Apply for a Position.

Think it over. See if this is not the only reason why you don't get a better position. Just think what you could say to a man if you were asking for a position—

1. You would tell him your age.
2. You would tell him whether you were married or single.
3. You would tell him what experience you had had, what firms you had been with, and for how long.
4. Most important of all, you would say what work your experience had fitted you for. In short, you would try to tell him what you knew about business generally.

What do you know about Business?

Don't you see that that is the crux of the whole matter? Don't you see that the more you know about business, the more you will succeed? Don't you realise that as you are at present you are not learning as much as you ought to be? Just because you are now keeping one set of books, or working in one department, is no reason for you never to do anything else. You *must* do other things if you are to achieve any real success. Just think as it is what you know about business now. If you were asked to-morrow if you understood book-keeping thoroughly, what would you say? Could you draw up a balance sheet? Do you know exactly how the financial position of a tradesman or a firm is determined from his books? Could you understand a profit and loss account? Could you say when the recovery of book debts is barred? If any question of law cropped up in connection with your business, could you help to solve it? If you were asked anything about manufacturing, could you answer the question? If a time-keeping system was required, could you suggest it?

Could you do these things?

You could not. Do you not realise then, how valuable it would be to you if you could? Do you know how to obtain the reduction of an income-tax claim? If you were called upon to form a company, would you know how to do it? Would you know the course to take for the conversion of shares into stock? Do you know anything about the steps to be taken for liquidation? If you had to negotiate a bill of exchange, would you know what to do?

Could you know how to start a business, how to secure its credit, to buy equipments? Do you know anything about selling and advertising? Could you run a mail order business?

You could not. And yet if you could say truthfully that you did know all these things, would you not have a much better chance of getting a better position, a really big position?

If you want to make money in business you must either know all these things we have mentioned, or you must know where you can get authoritative and complete information concerning them and concerning the thousand and one points of doubt or difficulties that befall the business man in the course of his business day.

There is only one way you can get it, and this way lies in the "Business Encyclopædia." It is written by the most successful business men of the day, specially to provide this knowledge for you and for men like you. Amongst these writers are such men as Richard Burbidge (Managing-Director Harrod's Stores), John Cansfield (Managing-Director Lipton, Ltd.), S. F. Edge (the well-known Motor Expert), A. W. Gamage (Managing-Director A. W. Gamage, Ltd.), John Lawrie (Managing-Director William Whiteley, Ltd.), Sir Joseph Lyons (Managing-Director J. Lyons and Co., Ltd.), H. G. Selfridge (Founder of Selfridge's, Ltd.), Wareham Smith (Advertisement Director of the "Daily Mail").

The "Business Encyclopædia" deals with nothing but business, but it treats of this important subject fully and completely and authoritatively.

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To the Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.,
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Please send me, free of charge, a copy of the book describing the "Business Encyclopædia."

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(Send this Form or a postcard.)

Address.....

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AN ACCOMPLISHMENT EVERY MAN SHOULD POSSESS.

Whatever walk of life a man finds himself in, his education is hardly complete until he has learned to dance.

It is to be hoped that the time will come when dancing will be taught in all schools, and not be restricted to girls' schools as it is at present.

Not only is a boy at school more ready to learn dancing, which comes as a welcome change from the ordinary school curriculum, but there is no difficulty as regards the time required or the natural objection of a grown man to making a fool of himself in the early stages.

FIRST-CLASS EXERCISE.

Moreover, dancing should rank with gymnastics as an exercise, and one which tends more than anything else to give a man grace and assurance of carriage.

Dancing is like swimming, in that some lessons are necessary at the beginning, but half a dozen, or at most a dozen, should be enough. To take a long course is only waste of money, for after a certain stage the teacher can help you no more than any good dancer who is willing to practise with you, and most men can find some such among his acquaintances.

At the beginning, however, it is advisable to go to a professional teacher. An amateur may be able to dance perfectly without being able to explain exactly how it is done.

A professional is used to taking pupils through the awkward stages. He can appreciate your difficulties, and you will not feel that he is laughing at you all the time as one is apt to do when a friend volunteers to take you in hand.

It is natural for a man to prefer to be taught by a man, but he will be wiser if he goes to a lady teacher.

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION.

After the preliminary explanation of the steps she will be able to dance with the pupil, and can explain by practical demonstration exactly how the lady's steps fit in with the gentleman's, and can initiate you into the difficulties of steering.

There are only six steps to learn in the waltz, and these are simple enough when they are shown to you, though to describe them on paper would be impossible. The lady begins with what is the man's fourth step, and so the feet of the dancers "dovetail" in with each other without touching.

The first three lessons may well be private ones, until the initial awkwardness has worn off. But after that it is advisable to join a class of which the other members are at about the same stage as yourself.

In this way you will get the opportunity of dancing with different partners as you would at a dance, and you will learn the self-confidence that is so important, while the practised eye of the teacher will have a better opportunity of spotting your faults than if he or she were acting as your partner.

E. H. HILL.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE

We print below the twenty-fifth instalment of the list of members of THE MODERN MAN *League. We should be obliged if members whose names and addresses have been inadvertently omitted, or who have changed their addresses recently, would kindly inform us as soon as possible, in order that the roll may be kept up to date. An application form for membership, with full particulars of the badges issued, will be found on another page.*

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D. MACAULAY, 8A, Ardconnel Terrace, East.
D. A. McDONALD, 2, Greenhill Terrace, Midmills Road.
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F. AMOS, 6, St. Margaret's Plain.
S. BIRD, 86, Victoria Street.
B. BLOOM, 88, Kemball Street.
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I request that you will allot to me that number of shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any less number that may be allotted to me upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company; and I authorise you to place my name upon the register of members in respect of the shares which may be allotted to me.

I make this application on the understanding that I shall receive, free of all cost, one fully paid £1 Deferred Share for each ten 2s. 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares allotted to me.

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Date.....1911.

All applications should be addressed to the Secretary, THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., 19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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[illegible]. NIXON, 111, Vernon Road.

(To be continued.)

POINTS TO LOOK TO.

There is no article of a man's attire in which there are so many points to notice in ordering and fitting as riding breeches.

As far as cut and appearance is concerned, the best plan is to patronise a good tailor and to give him a free hand; but if you want the breeches for hard work in the saddle you must pay attention to many small details, such as the position of the buttons and so on. Otherwise you may experience no little discomfort when you come to wear the breeches for the purpose for which they were made.

First and foremost, the breeches must be fitted when you are actually sitting in the saddle or on a substitute for it.

Most first-class tailors have a saddle on a dummy horse in their fitting room, but failing this, sit on a chair with your legs astride of the back and note how the breeches seem to fit you.

The most important point to look at is the fit at the knees. They should fit clean and close, with as little superfluous stuff as possible when the knee is bent. Remember that the stuff in front of the knee will give a little when the breeches are much used, and though they may seem unnecessarily tight now, they will not do so later on.

I once had a pair of breeches that after a few times of wearing developed a ridge at the back of the knee on the inside.

Then I had occasion to spend the greater part of a fortnight in the saddle and it was not long before I was suffering from a sore at the back of the knee which by no means added to my comfort.

Of course, I ought to have noticed the defect when trying the breeches on, but I had not done so, and I had to pay the price.

Another important thing to look to is the position of the buttons, if you choose to have breeches that fasten in this way.

An inexperienced breeches-maker will set all the buttons down the front of the leg, and the result will be that when you are wearing leggings they will be driven into your leg just above the shin-bone, so as to cause no small discomfort.

The buttons that show above the legging may well be down the front, but those lower down should be on the outside of the leg above the fleshy part of the calf.

To give a new pair of breeches a fair chance you must put them on carefully. They should not be simply dragged on from the top. They should be grasped immediately above the knee at the front and back, not at the sides, and pulled gradually up until the top button in front of the knee reaches the hollow below the knee-cap.

Before the buttons are fastened the knee part of the breeches should be carefully "moulded" to the leg so as to smoothe out any creases.

Many men brace their breeches too high. A fairly safe guide is to adjust the braces so that all the creases in the loose top part of the breeches remain horizontal, or nearly so. H. PHILLIPS.

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JC	6	10	0	Mrs. JW	14	10	0	RH	17	4	0	ALP	18	5	0
RSB	49	15	0	FH	70	0	0	WC	10	0	0	WER	37	0	0
MNM	20	0	0	HEN	78	0	0	ELF	48	15	0	WHS	17	0	0
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M.M. 4/3/11.

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Business is Business

MAKING A START.

In the last few numbers I have devoted my column on this page to a few necessarily brief suggestions on professions that are open to young men without experience of a trade.

There are a few general remarks which may be added for the benefit of those who are faced with the need of making a fresh start after they have left their "teens" behind them.

The first thing is to take as your motto "Heaven helps those who help themselves."

If you are content to remain passive and wait for someone else—a parent, a guardian, or some influential person who may be interested in you—to do something for you, you will not get very far.

This may sound like a trite lecture on the "Secrets of Success," but I know many young men who are calmly waiting for something to turn up.

In most cases they have waited some time, and are likely to wait longer unless they make up their minds to set to and turn something up.

Some men seem to be so helpless when they have got to find a place in the world for themselves. They want someone who will tell them just whom to apply to and where to go and what to say.

In most cases the public library is not a bad place to start operations. Here the "Situations Vacant" pages of the daily newspapers are generally stuck up on boards outside so that they can be consulted without any trouble.

If you don't want to be seen consulting these, as perhaps, it may be inadvisable, you can get the entire papers inside, and a very little investigation will show you which are the most useful for your purpose.

For some professions, however—banking, the law profession, and so on—these columns may not be much use, and you must have recourse to books of reference. The library clerk will be able to tell you, if you do not know, which will be most useful to you.

In many professions there are central bodies or associations from the secretaries of which full information can be obtained as to particulars of examinations, fees, courses of training, and so on. Get hold of the addresses of these from a Cyclopædia, from "Whitaker," or some other book of reference, and write direct to them, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

If you contemplate emigrating, it is of no use to write to the editors of papers or to other unfortunate individuals who exist for the purpose of answering questions. Write direct to those whose business it is to assist emigrants—the offices of the Colonial Governments, for instance, or the Emigrants' Information Bureau, whose addresses again you will find in the invaluable "Whitaker."

From them you will get a large amount of printed matter which you must read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

Similarly particulars of service in the Army, Navy, and Civil Service can be obtained from certain officials.

But in reading this literature, you must remember that the man who wrote it did so in the hope of getting you and others to apply. Therefore the rosy side of the case will be painted in stronger colours than any drawbacks there may be.

If you can obtain information from any friend who can speak with actual experience, it will be a useful check on the facts you have got in black and white.

S. T. YOUNG.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinion he may express.—EDITOR.)

HOME RAILS.

The market in these stocks has been very good during the week under review, and prices have risen considerably, and, with prospects of improving trade and further working economies, most of the stocks at present prices still seem a promising purchase for the investor.

ELECTRIC TRACTION.

Electric Traction Shares are also on the move, and those in search of a speculative investment in this market might do worse than buy a few Metropolitan Electric Tramways, Ltd., fully-paid £1 Deferred Shares, now quoted at about 5s.

These shares rank for half the surplus profits after the fixed preference and ordinary dividends have been paid, and some very knowledgeable people have been buying lately; besides, the traffic returns for 1910 are very much in excess of 1909.

RHODESIAN, SOUTH AFRICAN AND WEST AFRICAN MINES.

There seems to be little business doing in this section, and I fancy there are a lot of holders only waiting for an improvement to get out.

MEXICANS.

Mexican Light and Power shares have risen considerably during the week, especially the Seven per Cent. Cumulative Preference, which ought to stand at a much higher price than $114 per $100 share, as they are convertible into ordinary shares any time within the next two years.

This, in my opinion, is a very considerable asset, as the company is doing an immense and increasing business, and I should not be surprised to see the ordinary shares touch $200 within the convertible period.

OIL AND RUBBER.

Prices have not changed much during the week, but the market is firm and looks quite healthy. Premier Oil and Pipe Line shares have been in considerable demand.

The rubber market is also firm, and the demand for the cheaper variety of share still continues.

The raw article has risen considerably in price, especially best smoked sheet.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. D. (Holyhead).—I strongly advise your leaving the company and their exploitations severely alone.

"INVESTOR" (York).—I hear there has been some very good buying of Bolivian Railway Ordinary and Preference lately. Keep your shares for higher prices.

X. Z. (Grimsby).—Do not sell your Chartered Trust. It is reported that some important developments are pending.

O. M. (Ilford).—Home Rails have now had a good run; no harm in taking profits.

"DOUBTFUL" (Ballymena).—Rubbers are still to the fore. If you wait much longer you will be "left."

R. B. (Aberdeen).—Sell out at once.

"PAT" (Carrick).—Quite safe. Sell 2 and 7. Average 5.

"SUTTON" (Chiswick).—Metropolitan Electric Tramways Deferred are good for a speculative lock-up. Present price about 5s.

F. R. (Kensington).—It would scarcely be possible for us to wire to you, but the post will serve the purpose.

T. G. B. (St. Albans).—Hold your stock.

S. A. (Brighton).—We have not heard of the company you mention. As it is a small local concern, you had better try to find out who is backing it before you invest money in it.

T. R. (Dublin).—As I have so often said, don't speculate unless you can afford to lose.

B. L. (Sheffield).—Perfectly sound, and likely to be most profitable.

F. D. A (Walton).—Keep your money in your pocket. It serves no useful purpose to throw good money after bad.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

HOW FERRIS WENT ONE BETTER

By

E. WADE LANG.

It was the night on which, between half-past seven and eight, we had burgled Lord Wrent's manor in Sussex while the company were at dinner. By ten we were back in town and climbing the stairs to our flat, jewellery to the value of a cool thousand being stowed away in Ferris's pockets.

As we reached the first landing of the flats, someone entered the dimly-lighted hall below and commenced to ascend the stairs behind us.

I did not look round; it was a habit against which Ferris had frequently warned me; and, moreover, there was nothing in the circumstance to occasion uneasiness, for several of the flats on the lower floors of the old-fashioned building were occupied, and the hour was, as I have indicated, early.

So we went on up to the top floor, where ours were the only rooms tenanted, and it was as we turned along the passage towards our door that Ferris's fingers closed over my wrist with a steel-like grip. And he stopped.

"We're followed!" he said—so low that I scarcely heard.

For an instant we looked at each other. Then he turned and went back to the head of the stairs.

I joined him, ignorant of what he intended to do, but ready to contribute my share in anything.

There was a gas-jet burning, and by it we saw a man, in a muffler and cap, with a reefer coat buttoned tightly across his chest and his hands thrust deep into the pockets, coming up without haste or pause, his eyes lifted to ours and wearing an expression of complete imperturbability.

He passed the top step and faced Ferris, standing and watching him with bold, rather prominent blue eyes, and saying nothing. He was of indeterminate age, neither young nor old, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy the consciousness of self-possession.

Whether he expected this to produce a reverse feeling in Ferris I do not know, but if he did he was disappointed. Ferris was smiling subtly—a smile which always played about his lips when the danger was real.

"Well?" he said.

"'D evening," returned the stranger, with a nod.

"I think you must have made a mistake. No one lives up here but ourselves. Whom do you wish to see?"

"You," replied the stranger. "And your friend here as well, and I'll see you both *pri*-vate, if you've got no objection."

"By all means," rejoined Ferris politely. "Come this way, will you?"

He had stepped lightly on in front and his latchkey was in the door before the man moved.

The man looked closely at me, and jerked his head.

"After *you*," he said, meaningly.

The door opened inward, and Ferris stood aside for the stranger to pass.

"Not just yet," observed the latter. "Put a light on first, I might knock my head against something—or get it knocked."

His significant tone, and the knowledge at which it hinted, brought sweat to my brow. It did not perturb Ferris in the least.

"You do well to take precautions," he agreed, with no trace of double meaning. "Kindly remain where you are for a moment."

"You stay, too," said the man, turning to me—a plain intimation that he did not intend to lose sight of us both at the same time.

I counterfeited supreme indifference.

Ferris crossed the room—which was ostensibly the office of Mr. Hugh Lyall, theatrical agent, a gentleman who received many peculiarly attired clients, but seldom went out himself—and a moment later lights blazed in the sitting-room beyond, and Ferris stood framed in the doorway, smiling an invitation to enter.

With another curt jerk of the head the man ordered me to precede him.

I would not, I said, irritatedly.

"What's the matter? What are you afraid of?"

And again Ferris's voice broke in, sinister in its perfect innocence: "Perhaps the gentleman has good reason for his eccentricity."

So I bottled my anger and went first, and the visitor followed, closing the door behind him and looking about warily as he entered the sitting-room. His hands, I noticed, were still in his coat-pockets.

"Well," he said, swinging back the second door with his elbow, "now we can talk. I suppose there's nobody about who can hear us?"

"No one," said Ferris. "We three have the flat to ourselves. And the walls are sound-proof."

"Well, then, we can get to business. You won't know me, so I needn't introduce myself. But I can soon make it plain what I'm after. I want that swag you lifted from Lord Wrent's place an hour or two back, and I'd be obliged if you'd hand it over quick, without any argument."

He nodded twice to emphasise that he was in earnest, and Ferris, whose brows flew up, shot me a glance of exquisitely gauged astonishment.

"My dear sir," he murmured, "what on earth——"

"Just so," said the stranger drily. "But shall we cut that out? I'm too old a bird. You'll find no green in *my* plumage! What I want is the swag without any surplus histrionics."

Ferris looked at me with droll helplessness.

"Do *you* follow his metaphors?" he asked. "I confess my limited understanding——"

"Oh, *come* off it!" entreated the stranger. "I *saw* you. Isn't that sufficient?"

"It would be," returned Ferris, "if you would condescend to be more explicit."

"Oh, very well," sighed the stranger. "You were in Lord Wrent's grounds just before seven this evening—in the shrubbery near the West Wing. You"—to Ferris—"went up the ivy to the verandah of a first-floor window, just as if you were a monkey; and you"—to me—"stayed under cover below. I wasn't five yards off, watching you. Then your friend came out again after ten minutes, and I had to decide whether to give the alarm or to track you. I tracked—and here I am. It's a bit of a surprise to find you so comfortably settled, but that's all the better, because you'll be the more anxious not to be moved on. I take it you work all your lays from here?"

His remarks were mystifying me. I said without thinking, "Aren't you a detective?" And Ferris gave a slight shrug of his shoulders with disgust.

"Not me," laughed the stranger. "Lord bless you, I'm a fellow-crook. Was on the same lay as yourselves—only you happened to nip in first. And that's what's brought me here."

His voice took on a more menacing tone.

"That was *my* crib, y' understand? And I'm not going to suffer because *you* worked the job. I scoop the profits or somebody gets severely h— You tumble?" he snapped at Ferris.

"Perfectly," said Ferris, who accepted his blunder with grace. "You demand your share on the ground of proprietary right, and threaten to inform the authorities—presumably anonymously—if we refuse. In short, you will 'blow the gaff'?"

"That's it; barring the share clause. I'm out for shares, I want the lot. And I reckon I hold the card that wins it."

Ferris selected a cigarette with deliberation and lit it. He twisted it between his fingers and smiled quietly to himself.

"You will not only not get a share," he gently responded. "You will get nothing."

"Sha'n't I?" The man thrust out his chin and looked ugly. He took a forward step, drawing his right hand from his pocket. And in his hand was a revolver. "You said these walls were sound-proof," he went on in an undertone. "That's useful—for me as well as you. I didn't come here unprepared, and I don't go out till I've got what I came for. Now, shell out! D'you hear? *shell out!*"

And the revolver was brought up, trained true on Ferris's chest.

Ferris turned amused eyes to mine.

"This is quite awkward," he said. "Here's a man ready to blow out both our brains if we won't satisfy his greedy instincts, and he is totally unaware that if he did such an unkind thing he would be caught like a rat in a trap.

"My friend," he went on to our visitor, "how should you like to be shut in a room with a pair of stiffening corpses and not be able to get out?"

"What do you mean?" was the swift retort.

"Try that door," said Ferris; and he laughed as the man showed uncertainty.

Stepping back the man tried the handle, still holding the revolver, and let out a cry and a curse.

The brass handle was electrically charged.

"We really have to guard ourselves against unexpected interruptions," said Ferris. "All the doors are the same, and the discovery of the switch that controls them would take you a month.

"Now sit down, and behave like a reasonable being, if you can." He kicked forward an armchair. His indolent manner had disappeared, and was replaced by one of biting command. "You are not unknown to me," he went on. "I've seen you several times lately—driving Lord Wrent's car, unless I'm much mistaken. Ah, I thought so!" for the man's expression had changed.

He pointed to the chair, and the stranger, with glittering eyes, sat down.

"Now," continued Ferris, "being so constantly in touch with the family, you've no doubt learned a good deal about their habits and the arrangements of their house. You can probably tell me where Lady Wrent keeps her famous rope of pearls. I was after them to-night, I frankly admit, and was disappointed that I failed to get them. But——"

FREE TOILET SOAP.

The proprietors of the well-known Oatine preparations are giving away for a limited period tablets of Oatine toilet soap absolutely free. They are doing this to introduce and popularise this well-known toilet soap, which possesses many special qualities.

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"They weren't there," interrupted the man. "At the present time they're at Bonding's the jewellers, in Steadman Street. I drove her ladyship and daughter there only yesterday. They're having some repairs done to them."

"This is helpful," said Ferris. "Are you still in their employ?"

"Yes. Why?"

"What are you supposed to be doing to-night?"

"I was told I wasn't required; and left word at my lodgings I was coming into town."

"Won't suspicion fall on you in regard to to-night's burglary?"

"I think not, I'm trusted. And what's more"—he smiled grimly—"I'm innocent."

"Ah! Well, do you know when the repairing of the pearls will be finished?"

"To-morrow. I heard them mention as much afterwards."

"Any idea of the time?"

"About half-past five—after they have been to a matinée."

"You will drive them to town—or will they go by train?"

"I shall drive them. I have already received the instructions. His lordship is coming as well."

"You are excellently equipped with details. I suppose you haven't a plan for pinching them yourself?"

"I've been waiting my chance, and doubting if I should ever get it. When they're at home they're secreted somewhere—but no one ever knows where. I shouldn't have been on the lay to-night if it hadn't been for that."

"M—m." Ferris eyed his cigarette and thought. He idly shifted a matchbox on the table, and then walked abruptly to his bedroom door.

The stranger threw up an arm.

"You stay here," he said. "I'm willing to talk straight, but you don't go out without my permission. *Drop that handle!*"

"I do wish you'd control these theatricals," said Ferris going out. And on the face of the stranger I wonder that he had not been electrically shocked like himself. He had not noticed the moving of the matchbox.

Ferris returned with a London Directory under his arm.

"Bonding's," he mused, "Steadman Street. . . ." He searched through the pages for a minute or two. Then he looked up. There was a gleam in his clear blue eyes.

"Do you care to stand in with us in this?" he asked our visitor. "A third share—and no interference with us afterwards?"

"I might," was the reply after a pause, "provided I'm satisfied with your scheme for working it."

"You will simply obey orders," said Ferris. The coolly superior tone brought a flush to the man's cheeks.

"Who are you that I should take orders from?" he demanded. "And more, how do I know that you're to be trusted?"

"Oh, as to that," said Ferris, contemptuously, "my name will be sufficient."

And he gave it—the name that was familiar to every criminal of consequence in Europe.

Our visitor shot forward in his chair, staring. Then he pocketed his revolver, and, clasping his hands round his knee, said curtly:

"Go ahead with your instructions."

"To-morrow," said Ferris, "when Lord or Lady Wrent, whichever enters the shop, comes out with the pearls in question, you will start the motor and drive slowly along the gutter for about six yards. There you will stop, with a grating of the brakes, as if something had gone wrong. It will be nothing serious, and you will merely tinker with the levers. After that I will do the rest."

"Very well. There's nothing else?" He stood up.

"Nothing."

"Then good-night."

"Good-night."

Ferris opened the door for him, went to the street door and let him out. I heard the man's steps going down the stairs before Ferris closed the door again.

He returned with an air of restrained elation. For a quarter of an hour he talked, subduing his voice unconsciously.

* * * * * * *

It was the time of the year when it is dusk at half-past five. I had on an Inverness coat, and was well-dressed, strolling along Steadman Street in common with many other pedestrians.

The car rolled up, and stopped.

A silk-hatted elderly gentleman got out and walked across into Bonding's brightly-lighted shop. I passed as he did so.

Strolling for some little distance I stood on the edge of the pavement looking idly about me.

The silk-hatted elderly gentleman came out again, carrying this time a dark-coloured jeweller's case. I saw it distinctly in his grey-gloved hand.

The car started. It stopped after covering a few yards.

From out of the passage which ran up by the side of Bonding's the jewellers, communicating with a mean street behind, a man emerged, clean-shaven, bare-headed and wearing fashionably cut clothes. He had a pen behind his ear and all the appearance of a first-class shopman.

He approached the car and addressed the silk-hatted gentleman.

I was not near enough to hear his words, but I knew their purport.

It was, in effect: "Pardon me, my lord, we have omitted to enter the number of the case and contents. It is a rule of ours to number every article that passes through our hands, in case of loss or robbery. I shall not detain you a moment."

I saw Ferris coming towards me with the package in his hands.

We reached the passage down which he had come, simultaneously. We momentarily collided.

The package was passed deftly to me, and stored in an inner pocket.

I walked on, steadily controlling my pace, turned down the first corner and caught the first cab.

Ferris disappeared up the passage, drawing from a pocket a soft collapsible hat and gloves.

We arrived home by different routes, after several changes of vehicle.

When ultimately disposed of in Paris, the rope of pearls realised fifty-five thousand francs, of which our temporary confederate religiously received his third.

RESIGNED.

"This village boasts of a choral society, doesn't it?" asked a rambler in the country.

"No," replied the resident addressed, "we don't boast about it—we endure it with resignation!"

PRACTICAL ADVICE.

Gamekeeper (to Cockney sportsman): "If you don't hit a hare at the first shot, fire the other barrel at him."

Sportsman: "And if I miss him then, what shall I do?"

Gamekeeper: "Then—then throw your gun at him!"

ENCOURAGINC.

"Say, boy," inquired the angler from the city, "do you think I'm likely to catch anything here?"

"I reckon you are," replied the rustic youth, who had been watching the operation; "I jest see Farmer Wanger comin' over the hill."

OPTIMISM.

"Of course, my dear girl," said the indulgent parent, "I know you are fond of Cecil, and that he's a good fellow, and all that sort of thing. But there's one little point you appear to have overlooked. How do you propose to live after you are married?"

"Well, I've been reading up poultry," answered the daughter, "and they say that a good hen will raise twenty chicks in a season. Well, next season there'll be twenty chicks and one hen, won't there? And so, of course, the following year there will be 429 chicks, and the next 8,400, and the next 168,000, and the next 3,360,000. Just think, papa! If we only get a penny each for them we shall clear £14,000, and that will be plenty for us to live on; and perhaps we will help you a little, you dear old thing."

NO ANSWER.

"You said the darn dog was good for rats!" yelled the indignant customer, but the dealer only smiled.

"Well," he grunted, deliberately.

"Well! He won't look at a bloomin' rat!" and the irate person choked.

"Seems to me to be good for the rat, then. Wot more 'ave you to complain of?"

SORRY.

A well-dressed man, with a big pocket-book in his hand, approached a farmer, and said: "I beg your pardon, but I believe that you have a black retriever dog."

Suspecting unpaid dog taxes, farmer, with great energy: "No, no, he is only a poor stray brute that followed me home, but he does not belong to me."

"Oh, well," said the stranger, "it's all right, then. I accidentally shot the dog this morning, and came around to compromise."

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A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

WASHING GLOVES.

The most fashionable kind of gloves for town wear at the present moment are undoubtedly light ones of chamois leather, which are very smart when they are new, and quite the reverse when they are dirty.

It is by no means necessary to send them to the cleaner's or even to the wash when they have absorbed a conspicuous amount of City grime.

No one can clean a man's gloves better than he can himself, by the simple expedient of washing them.

Put them on your hands and wash your hands in a basin of hot water with soap, just as if you had no gloves on, and you will be able to get all the dirt out of them.

Then wring them out, stretch them (so that they do not dry out of shape), and hang them up to dry.

The gloves will be rather stiff the first time you put them on again, but the leather gets back its suppleness after they have been on the hands for a short time.

If you get someone else to do the job for you, the gloves will probably not fit his or her hands, and it will be impossible to get the dirt quite out of them.

The whole process need not take more than a few minutes, and if you do it at night before you go to bed the gloves should be dry and ready to wear in the morning.

THE USEFUL RUBBER STAMP.

The question of getting his new clothes marked is often a problem to the bachelor. It does not occur to him to do the job himself; he looks on it as a woman's work, like darning socks or mending clothes.

The result is that unless he has someone to take his wardrobe in hand and do these little jobs for him, the average bachelor's clothes remain unmarked, and then he wonders why he loses so many of his things in the wash, or in restaurants and such places.

If only he would provide himself with a simple rubber stamp bearing his name, a bottle of marking ink and a pad, all these troubles could be averted

The whole outfit costs only about a shilling or eighteenpence and the clothes can be marked in the neatest manner possible, and with very little trouble.

Not only is it useful for such things as collars, handkerchiefs, shirts, and underclothing, but the ease with which the job is done encourages one to mark one's hats, gloves, mufflers, and similar things which one is liable to leave about.

A man who finds a pair of gloves in his room after some meeting, for instance, at which perhaps twenty others have been present, is not likely to call on or write to all those who may have left them, if he finds no indication of their ownership.

He will probably keep the gloves for a time in the hope that the owner will call for them, or that he may be able to discover who has lost them.

If the owner has forgotten where he left them, however, this is not easily done, and after a time the finder will most likely take the gloves for his own use or throw them away.

If, on the other hand, the gloves, or even one of them, are plainly marked with the owner's name it is not much trouble for the finder to slip them in an envelope and post them, or to give them to the owner next time he sees him.

Even the rubber stamp, however, cannot make a woman's help indispensable in the marking of socks, but if these are washed at home marking will be unnecessary.

Many possessors of a rubber stamp make the mistake of supposing that the ordinary purple ink will do for marking. This will disappear after one washing.

Marking ink is indispensable, but any kind will do. It is advisable, however, to choose one which requires no heating, for this makes marking a very tedious job.

LEARNING TO TIE A BOW.

A few weeks ago I gave a few hints to my readers on the best method of tying a bow tie, illustrated by diagrams.

But an ounce of practice is worth a pound of precept, and if you cannot master the somewhat intricate process by following diagrams, the only way is to get an expert to give you a lesson.

To tie a bow tie is as simple as A B C once you have learned to do it, but it is by no means an easy thing to produce a presentable bow without practice. It is only a knack, however, and the sooner you acquire the knack the better it will be for your appearance.

A made-up tie is easily spotted—often it has the two loops in front, which no genuine bow could have—and in any case it is bad form.

If you can't find anyone else to put you up to the ropes, or if you don't want to confess your ignorance to your friends, ask your outfitter when you are buying a new dress-tie to give you some hints on tying it.

If he does not know how to do so, he is not well up in his trade, and you would do well to transfer your custom. If he is not willing to do so at a slack time of day, he is not likely to do much good, for the shopkeeper who is not obliging will have few regular customers.

DRESS COAT COLLARS.

A correspondent writes to ask me what is the correct style of collar for a dress coat—should it be of silk or not?

Neither the step collar of cloth nor the silk roll collar are incorrect, but there is no doubt that the former is preferable.

For a full-dress coat the lapels should be of silk, and the collar of the same stuff as the coat, or, if preferred, of velvet.

The velvet collar, both for dress coats and dinner jackets, has recently become quite popular, but although it looks very smart, it has the disadvantage that it is very difficult to keep clean, and will make the linen collar dirty in a very short time.

For a dinner jacket cut on up-to-date lines with a waist and a full skirt the same step collar is now most fashionable.

The roll collar in which the silk collar and lapels are cut from one piece of silk is still worn by many men, especially on dinner jackets, but it is not now really fashionable, and certainly looks out of place on a dress coat.

THE SUNDAY TOPPER.

I was interested to read the other day in a trade paper a diatribe on the "lay writer" (in which category, I suppose, I must include myself) who "raves furiously about the decline and approaching demise of the silk hat."

I do not know who the culprit may be, but I quite agree with the writer of the article in question that there is little likelihood of the silk hat dying out just at present. In the West-End and the City, and probably in every provincial city, the top hat remains as popular as ever, but I confess that I have noted with pleasure the decline of the "Sunday topper" in the suburbs.

There was a time when a respectable man would not have thought of going out for his Sunday constitutional, except in the depths of the country, without wearing the inevitable topper.

To see hubby in his frock coat and top hat

IF IT'S A McKINLEY

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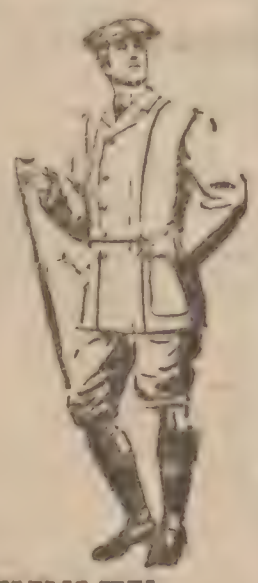

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A man may look smart

although he hasn't much money to spend provided he treats his clothes with proper care and sends them to be cleaned from time to time in the Achille Serre way.

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Write to-day for address of nearest branch or agency and a copy of our new booklet "Pride of Dress" — it's worth having.

Achille Serre
(Nettoyage à Sec.), Limited,
Hackney Wick, London.
'Phone 1265 East.

Carriage paid one way on orders sent direct.

pushing the pram and trying to look dignified was one of the most pathetic and unedifying sights imaginable.

Nowadays the bowler, or in summer the straw hat, is the general wear on Sunday in the suburbs, and I cannot help feeling that the change is for the better.

HAT BRIMS.

A bowler or a silk hat should always be chosen with regard to the features, and even the build, of the man who is to wear it.

A man with large, strong features needs a far larger brim than a man with small ones, and a short, thin man would look foolish in a broad-brimmed hat that would suit a tall, broad man.

The sporting bowler is usually made with a much flatter brim than one would usually find in the City, and one often sees would-be "bloods" wearing an exaggerated form of this, in which the brim is reduced to a minimum, and the hat itself is ridiculously small.

There is a little saying, which I give a certain friend of mine the credit of coining, "No brim, no brain." In nine cases out of ten you will find this surprisingly true.

THE DRESS SUIT SEASON.

A tailor friend of mine informed me recently that during the first three months of the year he made almost as many dress suits as he did during the other nine put together.

It is apparently not at the beginning of the "dress suit season," that is to say in October or November, that people begin to think about providing themselves with new dress suits.

The old ones serve for the hard wear of the Christmas-season, and one can start fresh with the New Year, and keep up to date.

A dress suit is not a thing that is likely to get out of fashion to any great extent; but since it will probably have to serve for many seasons, it is advisable that when it is bought it should be of the very latest cut.

It is most important, however, that it should have nothing in the least "freakish" about it. Small details that may be the fashion of the moment, but are not likely to survive more than one season, should be studiously avoided.

By ordering a new suit now, if the old one has begun to look rather the worse for wear, you get the new season's cut and you may have the satisfactory feeling, for one year at least, that your dress suit is of the very latest cut, whereas if you get it at the end of the year it may be almost out of date in a few months.

FAILING A CLOTHES-BRUSH.

It is impossible for any man to carry a really effective clothes-brush about with him, yet, if he is wearing dark clothes, a brushing is often necessary several times a day.

If a brush cannot be obtained, a simple method of removing bits of fluff and dust is to damp the hand slightly and brush the clothes over with it.

Such an expedient will, of course, be useless as far as the removal of mud is concerned. In this case a penknife is the most useful substitute, and the mud can be scraped off when once it is dry.

But the damped hand will often prove most effective, where it would have been almost useless if dry.

TIE TROUBLES.

There are strange tricks played by ties at all stages of their use. One of the most unpleasant is the habit that some ties have of falling into a certain set of wrinkles at the very outset of what should be their careers of adornment and usefulness.

A tie with an ugly wrinkle which will insist upon giving it, when made up, an ugly and shapeless appearance, should be taken in hand at once. The best of them do it.

As soon as the habit makes its appearance, the tie should be left for a day or so to let the tension relax, and then it should be well ironed until all trace of the ugly wrinkle has gone. Then re-tie with great care.

PUTTING YOUR FOOT IN IT.

There are several pitfalls to be avoided when buying anything at sales, notably boot sales; and an experience recently paid for rather dearly may be a warning to others. It is often as well to supplement one's regular set of footwear by an extra pair for any particular purpose, and the periodical sales at well-known boot-shops are the places where one can sometimes pick up what looks like a bargain.

Unfortunately, however, many firms think, or act as if they thought, that the fact that any goods are bought at a sale absolves them from any responsibility with regard to the goods.

Recently for rough country work I wanted a strong pair of boots.

"Shop soiled at 10s. 9d." was an attractive announcement, especially when the same boots cost several shillings more when new and unsoiled.

I bought a pair. I tried on one boot only. I paid for them and carried them away into the country. After walking a mile or so a day later I became practically crippled by one boot—the boot I had not tried on in the shop.

On returning home I examined the boots. The left boot, though marked and stamped in exactly the same way as the right boot, was nearly half an inch shorter!

Moral: Try on both boots, and see that you get a pair.

BOOTS THE HORSEMAN SHOULD AVOID.

There seem to be almost as many American boot-shops in this country nowadays as there are English ones.

Probably most of my readers have at some time or other possessed a pair of American boots, and they may have noticed a little peculiarity that is often to be found in boots made by Yankee firms—and, for all I know, in some English boots too.

The sole, where it narrows under the instep, is not gradually rounded off on the inside of the foot in the ordinary manner, but is cut with a regular angle, so that the welt, which may be half an inch broad just opposite the ball of the big toe, stops suddenly and is cut away.

This is no doubt done to give the foot a smart appearance, but if you intend to use the boots for riding in, it has one serious drawback.

So long as you keep your feet in the strictly correct position in the stirrups, there is no harm done. But in the course of a long ride one will probably want to relieve the tread of the sole by putting the feet right into the stirrups as a jockey or a hunting man does.

Then, if you are wearing these American boots, you will find that they will not come out again easily, while the chances are that if you were thrown, you would be caught and dragged along by the stirrup.

If you are buying a pair of boots for riding in, therefore, it is worth while taking special care that you do not get one of this pattern.

MOUSTACHE — GROWER — FREE.

A moustache betokens manliness **PENDUN'S MOUSTACHE POMADE** forces one at any age like magic.
BOYISH FACES BECOME HANDSOME.
FREE In order that readers may test this WONDERFUL MOUSTACHE GROWER a week's Full Supply will be sent in plain wrapper by return to any address FREE. Simply send three penny stamps to defray postage, &c. Send now to **A. PENDUN** (Dept. D), **597, Holloway Rd., London, N.**

This sounds ridiculous, but it is true. The new process of "Lin-Glossing" your collars makes it possible. An ordinary linen collar which is Lin-Glossed can be washed every morning with a wet sponge. It can be worn for a month before it requires another treatment of "**Lin-Gloss.**"

Lin-gloss

You simply put it on your collar and cuffs. It produces a china gloss that can be washed with a wet cloth. **Lin-Gloss** does not damage the linen. It cannot be seen on the collar. Its use saves linen—remember your collars are worn out in the wash. To wash and dress 180 collars will cost you 15s. Why not send 1s. P.O. and 1d. stamp to-day for a bottle of **Lin-Gloss**—six months' supply—and just see how much you can save on your laundry bill?

LIN-GLOSS WORKS, 32, SANDROCK RD., LONDON, S.E.

£4 TO £7 EARNED WEEKLY
BY MEN and WOMEN at HOME or TRAVELLING.
LET US START YOU.
No experience needed. Our Agents made over £5,000 last two months, supplying the enormous demand for our famous "CENTURY THERMAL" BATH CABINET, and appointing Sub-Agents. Mr. Blake, of Wolverhampton, made £72 the first three months. Mr. Kitson, of Blackpool, made £31 the first month. Miss Elsie Cooper, £63 while teaching. J. W. Markham, clerk, £39 in six weeks.

EVERYBODY BUYS business men, families and physicians.
WHY WORK FOR OTHERS? *Be Your Own Master!*
Write for Agent's Proposition No. 556, and mention THE MODERN MAN.
CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET, Ltd.
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GENT.'S HOSE.
FREE, ABSOLUTELY FREE.
As an advertisement and for a short time only we will send **post free** and to any address, **3 pairs** (either Ladies' or Gent.'s) of our well-known "**Marvel Hose**" for the ridiculous amount of **1s. 4d.**, or **6 pairs for 2s. 6d.** Equal to those sold at double the price elsewhere. The quality and superior finish of these socks and stockings we are sure will give you every satisfaction. For strength and durability they cannot be equalled. To all THE MODERN MAN readers sending 5s. for 12 pairs, we will present **absolutely free, half-dozen** pure white pocket **handkerchiefs** (Ladies' or Gent.'s) same as sold elsewhere at 6d. each. We are confident of your future patronage and recommendation when you see the marvellous value we give. Send at once.

THE MARVEL HOSE CO.,
(Dept. N) **111, Amhurst Road, London, N.E.**

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Those residing in London should call.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

F. B. (Newcastle). — Many thanks for your valuable information; send us your name and address, and all the correspondence relating to the matter. We shall make ourselves personally responsible for that correspondence, and shall return it to you whenever you desire it.

B. J. (Swansea).—Better send him a registered letter, so that you may be certain he gets it. If no reply is forthcoming place the matter in the hands of your solicitor.

J. W. D. (West Jesmond). — There are many excellent books on horses and horsemanship. Probably the best are those by Captain Hayes. Your local public library will supply you with all the horsey books you want, but remember that a little personal experience is worth more than a lot of reading in a matter of this kind.

G. H. (Stoke).—Cheap brown polishes have a way of getting into the stitching of your boots and showing up white afterwards. Use a better class of polish.

R. C. (Wolverhampton).—Much obliged for the tip, but we don't keep valuable documents in the office. We send them to a very safe place, so there is no danger on that score.

W. E. SIDE, 96, Rolls Road, Old Kent Road, London, S.E., wishes to correspond with readers in Victoria and New South Wales.

T. T. (Dublin) asks whether the Fellowship of the Royal Astronomical Society is worth having. It all depends on our correspondent's particular line of business.

W. B. (Wokingham). — Probably the two best sayings coined by politicians in recent years are: "What I have said I have said. I withdraw nothing," and "Wait and see." The first was made by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the second by Mr. Asquith. Heartiest thanks for your good wishes.

R. H. C. (Folkestone).—It would not be advisable for you to buy your golf clubs by post. Golf clubs that suit one man will not suit another. Much better buy them locally, so that you can try the feel of them before parting with your money.

T. H. (Wigan).—We have the highest respect for Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., and we do not think that you are taking any risk in assuming that all the competitions organised by them are honestly conducted. Our Editor was in his early days employed by them, and he always speaks well of them. Honour to whom honour is due, even if we do happen to be business rivals.

T. R. (Coventry).—As you are in doubt as to whether you ought to buy a motor-cycle, we should advise you to borrow one and have a run on it before deciding.

C. H. (Buxton).—We remember your town—or is it village?—and we have the most pleasant recollections of a long walk made in company with a Buxton reader, who by some means discovered that we were staying at the Hydro there. That was about a year ago, but we have not forgotten it.

E. T. B. (Edinburgh). — Don't be timid about joining THE MODERN MAN Club in your city. The secretary is one of the best, and he and all the members will be glad to see you.

P. F. (Glasgow).—Don't wear spiked shoes for cross-country work. Use those with rubber soles. Spiked shoes are meant for sprinting only.

G. W. (Liverpool).—Your plan is excellent. As your education has been neglected, you cannot do better than learn a bit now, but confine yourself to those subjects which are going to be useful to you.

H. T. (Bermondsey).—Remember the old saying that the buyer should beware.

S. D. B. (Cape Town).—Always glad to hear from our friends overseas. Sorry to learn that THE MODERN MAN was sold out at all the newsagents' shops in Cape Town. It has been the same here, but we are printing more every week.

D. M. (Manchester).—Much obliged for the hint, but we have already taken all precautions on that score.

C. B. R. (Birmingham).—There is no reason why a dog should ever have distemper, if you look after him properly and see that he does not come into contact with other dogs.

E. R. (Stoke Newington).—Have a chat with a taxi-driver and ask him all about it.

G. T. H. (York).—We have the highest opinion of miners. If you knew some of them a little better, you would share our views.

B. T. D. (Carnarvon).—Don't use a hard brush for a bowler hat; it takes all the fur off. Use as soft a one as you can get.

E. W. (Aston Manor) sends us a long letter of a semi-political character regarding the English working man. The gist of his argument is that the working man is every bit as good as the man of the so-called upper and middle classes. Quite so. His remarks recall to our memory a chat with a particularly fine specimen of the British working man. "Look at me," he said, indicating his lime-stained trousers; "but if a duke was stripped and I was stripped and we were set side by side, I suppose I'd look as well as he would." Probably a jolly sight better.

E. H. G. (Victoria).—Many thanks for your good wishes, and for having introduced the paper to lonely bush stations which we could not otherwise have reached. We shake hands with you, old chap, though it must meantime be in print only. When you come back to the Old Country we'll give you a handshake of the right kind.

R. J. P. (Kinlochleven).—If you follow the directions on the bottle you will be satisfied. Lin-Gloss is useful stuff, but you must use it in the way they describe.

H. G. (Sowerby Bridge), **J. H.** (Manchester), **B. H. H.** (Handsworth), **D. R. J.** (Lower Bebington), **F. H. T.** (Dudley), **J. T.** (Blaenavon), **R. B.** (Aberdeen), **C. H.** (Nottingham), **M. R.** (Lanark), **J. H.** (Carlisle), **H. Bloc.** (Cork).—Much obliged.

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CASH PRICE, 27/-.
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All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Two pairs light boots (gent's), small sevens, worn three times; one pair blocked leggings, 14½—cost 43s. 6d.; bargain 25s.—Box 4246, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

No more shabby suits. "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly; modern men delighted; bottle 1s., post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

The McKinley "Mac," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. A really high class coat, thoroughly waterproof and reliable, for ordinary or sporting wear. Ready for service, in all sizes. Send height and chest measure (over jacket), with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Dress suits, 40s.; dinner jackets, 21s.; cost treble; only used a few times in amateur theatricals, various sizes, dealers ignored.—Box 4243, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Trouser hangers. A real bargain, few to clear; will take three pairs trousers; 7d. each, post free.—Box 3930, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Brand new pair of sandals, size 4, best make, all leather, cost 8s. 6d.; bargain, 4s.—Box 4181 "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Two or three gent.'s white shirts, the very best quality, samples, brand new. What offers?—Box 4216, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Black riding boots and trees, small sevens, 15s.; spurs, 2s. 6d.; 22in. leather portmanteau, 10s. 6d.; brown leggings, 7s.; exchange for "Modern Physician" or "Encyclopædia."—H. Croft, 39, Radipole Road, Fulham.

Two or three dozen second-hand collars, various sizes, to clear, price 2s. post free.—Box 4182, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

For sale, owner going abroad, and must sell, gold chain, cost £5; silver watch, cost £2 10s. (receipts shown); silver cigarette case, cost 19s. 6d.; Cassell's "History of England," cost £4; revolver, Sandow grips, cost 12s. 6d.; mandoline, cost 21s. Curios: carved emu's egg, crocodile's egg, boomerang; Yorkshire terrier bitch, pure bred. First offers get them. Whatever yours, send it.—Box 4245, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, splendid yacht, grand sea boat, 20ft. over all, won lot of prizes, in fine condition, now at York, price £12, or near offer.—Box 4252, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A tip that every cyclist should know! How to get three times the light from any lamp for cost of 1d. per 12 months, a real brilliant light, price 1s. free.—Box 4253, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street London, E.C.

Height increaser, American cartilage method, cost £4 4s.; double-barrelled, 12 bore hammer gun; also .320 calibre 5-chamber revolver. What offers?—Box 4254, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d., condition as new.—Box 3980, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, folding bagatelle board, 8ft. by 30in., with accessories, must be in good condition.—Box 0200, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Revolver, nickel-plated, ivory handled, six-shot, 22-calibre, practically new, 20s.—Box 4250, "The Modern Man," 21 Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Punching ball, complete, fine quality, double-ended, cost 14s. 6d.; also brand new set boxing gloves, best make, cost 12s. 6d.; bargain, the lot, 16s. 6d.—Box 4027, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Pair Sandow's dumb-bells, cost 12s. 6d., nearly new, take 7s. 6d.—R. J. Worbey, Horne, Appledore, Kent.

DOGS.

Advice on doggy matters; diseases and bad habits cured, no haphazard methods, every case treated separately, sound information on preparing dogs for exhibition, straight dealing, terms reasonable.—"Canus," 85, Manchester Street, Oldham.

Wanted, fox terrier or Irish terrier; price and full particulars.—Box 4196, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

The great and well-known firm of Lin-Gloss are offering sole buying rights for their well-known patent article "Lin-Gloss." £5 per week easily earned, with very little trouble and no outlay.—Full particulars, write Agency Dept., The Lin-Gloss Works, 32, Sandrock Road, London, S.E.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 19.

EDUCATIONAL.

Book-keeping by correspondence. Thorough knowledge acquired in one month by my short course. Send stamp.—Box 4249, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Books and music of every description bought. Full value sent by return. Country parcels must be sent by goods train only.—Harding's Book Stores, 242, St. Paul's Road, Highbury, London, N.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve lessons. Eighty words per minute in one month. Used by fastest Parliamentary reporters. Holds the World's Speed Championship. Send postcard to-day for interesting illustrated handbook.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London.

For sale, "Harmsworth Encyclopædia," cost £1 3s. 4d.; "Harmsworth History of the World," cost £1 9s. 9d.; "Harmsworth Children's Encyclopædia," cost £1 9s. 2d., all unbound; sell single, or the lot. What offers?—Box 4248, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Capital little book, "Money-making Ideas"; 57 good plans. Send P.O., 1s.—Box 4208, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

Banjo in case, "Windsor," cost 50s., little used; bargain, 35s.—Ferris, 41, Vale Fold, Oakworth, Yorks.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Mail order business for sale, showing fine profits, profitable investment. Full particulars.—Box 4157, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, sole rights good selling line for mail order business, or patent rights bought right out.—Box 4158, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Reliable and tested recipes; indigestion, brilliantine, corn destroyer, and hair renewer, P.O. 1s. 1d. each.—Box 4251, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Corns completely cured, no knife required; post-paid, 8d.—Beck, 46, King Street, Bradford.

BUER'S PILE CURE gives instant relief in the worst cases and absolutely cures in a few days. 1s. 1½d., post free, **PLAIN WRAPPER,** or sample and full particulars, penny stamp.—Buer Mul-la Co., 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London.

How to gain in weight; also cure for constipation. Recipes 7d. each.—Box 4247, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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Signed.....

Address.....

*** Please cross out sizes not required.**